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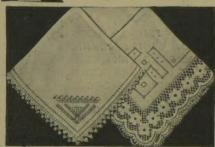


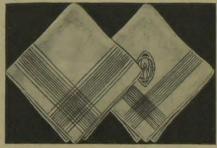
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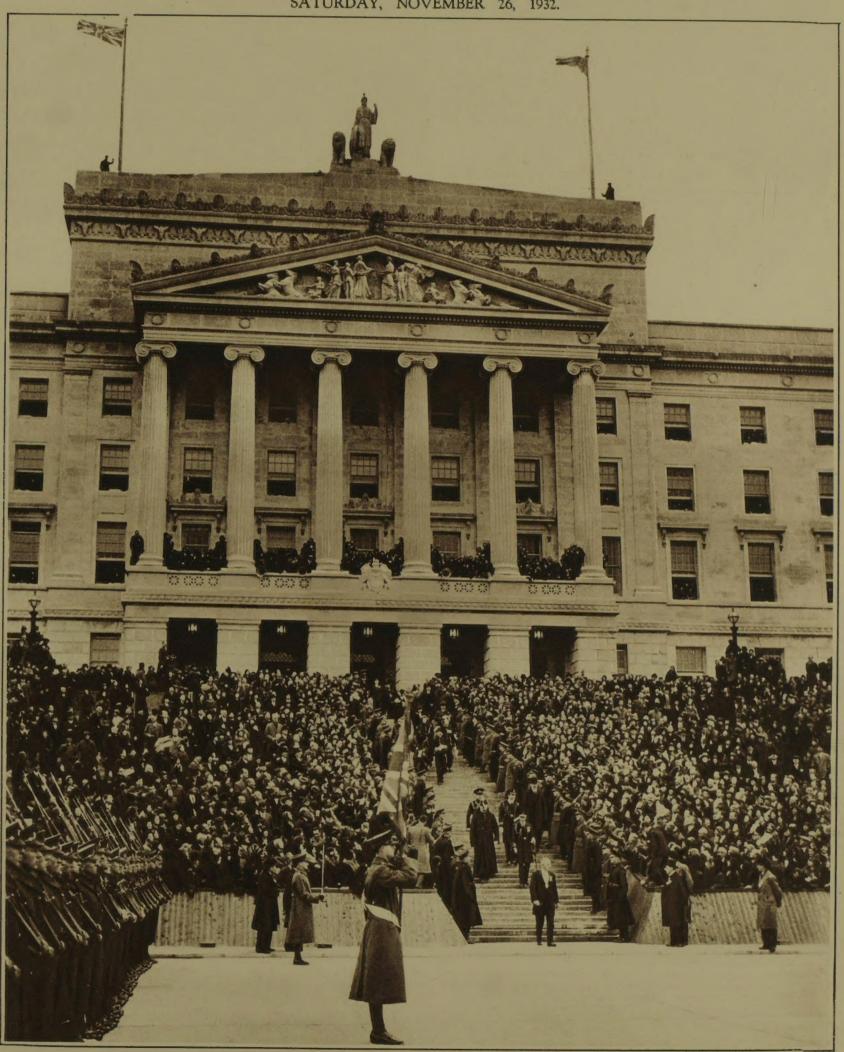
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1932.

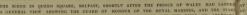


THE PRINCE OF WALES INAUGURATES A "WORTHY HOME" FOR THE PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND: THE PRINCE (IN NAVAL UNIFORM, WITH THE DUKE OF ABERCORN) LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The Prince of Wales opened on November 16 the new Parliament buildings at Stormont, Belfast, and delivered the following message from the King: "I rejoice to think that the Parliament of Northern Ireland, at whose first continued happiness and progress." Further photographs appear on later pages.

#### ULSTER'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES. SCENES IN BELFAST ENTHUSIASM OF STREET CROWDS' AND FACTORY WORKERS; A GAME OF GOLF.









BELFAST THRONGED AND BEFLAGGED TO GREET THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE ROYAL CAR (SECOND IN THE LINE) PASSING ALONG DONEGALL PLACE TO THE CITY HALL (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND)



AN INTERVAL FOR EXERCISE: THE PRINCE WITH HIS PARTNER, MR. D. WILSON SMYTH, A FORMER IRISH AMATEUR CHAMPION, ON THE FAMOUS GOLF-COURSE AT NEWCASTÉE, A SEASIDE RESORT NEAR BELFAST.



AT THE HILDEN LINEN THREAD MILLS OF MESSES. WILLIAM BARBOUR AND SONS, LTD.,
AT LISBURN, NEAR BELFAST: THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING THE OPERATIONS
BEFORE AN ADMINING GROUP OF WOMEN WORKERS.



THE ORANGE DRUM WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES PLAYED FOR A FEW MINUTES AT HILLSBOROUGH, NEAR BELFAST; AND THE DRUMMER-MR. ROBERT MCDOWELL,

OF BALLYMACASH.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST: THE PRINCE (IN A LIGHT OVERCOAT, WITH EXTENDED ARM) GREETING A GROUP OF PROFESSORS (NEAR THE CONTRE TOWARDS THE RIGHT).

As noted on our front page, the Prince of Wales visited Belfast, for the first time, on November 16, and opened at Stormont the magnificent new buildings of the Northern Ireland Parliament. He crossed in the motor-vessel "Ulster Prince," and on arrival at Donegall Quay he was welcomed by the Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, and Lord Craigavon, the Prime Minister. The Prince inspected a Guard of Honour of Royal Marines from H.M.S. "Dorsetshire." and a procession of five cars was then formed, the Prince riding in the second.



AT CALLAHERS' TOBACCO FACTORY, WHERE THE 2400 WORKERS (MOSTLY GIRLS) WORE BADGES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS, AND SMALL UNION JACKS WERE FIXED ABOVE MACHINES AND BENCHES: THE PRINCE IN THE CIGARETTE ROOM.

with the Governor. Throughout the drive he was greeted with immense enthusiasm by the assembled crowds, who cheered him with patriotic fervour. After the ceremonies at Stormont the Prince drove out in the afternoon to Government House at Hillsborough, some fifteen miles from Belfast, to stay with the Duke of Abercorn. In the evening he put an overcoat over his evening dress and walked out into the crowded square just outside the entrance gates. There he found an Orange drummer with his big drum that is beaten with flexible canes, and was



BELFAST, COMPRISING OVER A THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN: A GROUP INCLUDING LORD LONDONDERRY (LEFT), CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

nvited to try his hand at playing it. This he did, beating a thundering roll on the drum, to the huge delight of the crowd. Then, returning to the house, he made a short speech to the people from the top of a wall. Next morning he drove to Newcastle, a seaside resort that boasts the finest golf-course in Ireland, and played n a foursome with Mr. D. Wilson Smyth (a former Irish Amateur Champion) against Mr. Harry Mulholland, M.P., and Major Hammond Smith. The Prince and his partner won. Later that day he visited the Queen's University, Belfast,



THE PRINCE, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. J. MILNE BARBOUR, M.P., AND MR. M. GORDON, AT THE HILDEN LINEN THREAD MILLS, LISUURN: A SCENE OF WILD ENTHUSIASM AMONG THE EMPLOYEES' CHEEKING AND WAYING PLAGS.

the tobacco factory of Gallahers, Ltd., the Ministry of Labour Training Centre, and the Y.M.C.A. Club for Unemployed Youths. On the 18th he visited several hospitals and factories, including the Hilden Linen Thread Works of William Barbour and Sons, Ltd., 'at Lisburn. Everywhere he was received with the same unbounded enthusiasm, for which he expressed his thanks in a broadcast speech, made from the offices of the Belfast Harbour Board, just before joining the boat train on his departure for London.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A NEGATIVE disadvantage attaches to almost any man who has a positive character or, what commonly goes with it and is even more important, positive convictions. A literary man, for instance, who has strong likes and dislikes, in the style of Dr. Johnson or Cobbett or Coventry Patmore, becomes so much of a proverb or a joke that nobody can believe there is anything new to be learnt about him. Anything new that he does say is coloured, or rather discoloured, either by what people know he has said or by what people think he would say. Even what they know they very often know wrong; and when they come to guess, they almost invariably guess wrong. But the still more curious fact is that even when they know they still go on guessing. When the new statement is actually written, it is not actually read. Something else is read into it, which is the recognised rumour about what the eccentric in question is likely to

state. For, in truth, most of the critics have not realised anything about the writer except that he is an eccentric, and even in that are wrong. He has generally earned that reputation by being concentrated on certain fundamental or cosmic convictions If he is very religious or very irre-ligious, for instance, he will probably be called eccentric. Obviously he ought to be called centric, since the centre of his mind is rightly fixed on the tral problems of ex-istence. But these people called eccentrics, like Johnson or Patmore in one way, or Shelley or Shaw in another way, always suffer from this curious, disadvantage-that while people nearly always admit that they are great talkers, people hardly ever listen to what they actu-People never listen to anything they say in

correction or reconsideration of anything they have said, or are supposed to have said. What they have said they have said, or what we have said they have said they have said, and there is an end of it. Their position is fixed in the popular mind; and, curiously enough, they generally begin by being very unpopular and end by being very popular. But they are not popular enough to be allowed to point out the meaning of their own words.

Thus I have seen critic after critic throwing out general suggestions and summaries of what Mr. Bernard Shaw would "characteristically" say, which I knew for a fact to be flatly contrary to everything that he was saying. Thus, because he was an Irishman and presumed to be a comic Irishman, and because he often made fun of some aspects of the Englishman, numbers of people have believed he was a sort of Fenian and fierce Irish Nationalist in revolt against the British Empire. Whereas Bernard Shaw not only never pretended for a moment to believe in any sort of Nationalism, but at the

political crisis he was rather especially cold towards the nationalism of Ireland. Nay, he definitely preferred, if anything, the Imperialism of England. For instance, he was on the side of the British Empire against the Boers, when all the national Irish were on the side of the Boers against the British Empire. But I suppose that the English people will always cling to the lovely legend of Shaw scorning them and deriding them, though he actually defended them when all Europe denounced them. You could not add that last fact to the popular legend of Bernard Shaw by any possible hook or crook, not if you printed his actual words in letters eight feet high. The public had got its picture of Shaw long before that particular incident, and would continue to believe the legend against the fact; the picture against the face.

to refer to Mr. Belloc, and said that the theory of the Servile State was only Herbert Spencer's old attack on Socialism. From which it was obvious that Mr. Shaw had never read Mr. Belloc's book on the Servile State, or he would have known that it is not an attack on Socialism, and that it has not the remotest resemblance to Herbert Spencer. But, just as Mr. Wells took it for granted that Mr. Shaw would write certain things about the Superman, so Mr. Shaw took it for granted that Mr. Belloc would write certain things about the Servile State. And in revenge, as I have said, everybody takes it for granted that Mr. Shaw would write certain things about anything or everything. What he did write, or does write, seems to make no difference.

This curious crooked doom, on strong characters with strong convictions, has pursued Mr. Belloc also

in later times, in connection with his historical biogra-phies. I notice phies. I notice some reviews of his book on Napoleon which read to me as if the reviewers had never read his book on Napoleon, but only made a bold guess at what a book on Napoleon Belloc would be like. Mr. Belloc does not in the least turn Napo-leon into a Superman; he even argues that some acknowledged victories were essentially defeats. still more curious case was that of his book on Cran-mer. Everybody knows Mr. Belloc's beliefs on the religion of Cranmer, but they do not appear very much in his book on Cranmer. It is a very swift and simple personal story, that can be read by Protes-tants or Catholics. What is still more quaint, it is a much more favourable personal story than has gener-ally been written

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"HANDLE WITH CARE": A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE CECIL ALDIN COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE GIVEN WITH THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

For the last three years "The Illustrated London News" has given Cecil Aldin dog pictures as Presentation Plates with its Christmas Numbers; and that which is to be presented this year makes a worthy companion for its predecessors. Admirably reproduced (with plate mark), it can be framed and hung with great effect. The Christmas Number will be published next Monday, November 28—a wonderful two-shillingsworth containing as many as twenty pages in colours, numerous other illustrations, and several particularly fine stories and articles. Notable among the coloured reproductions are two magnificent series of Old Masters—"The Madonna and Child in Art" and "Children by Old Masters"; subjects from a Ming scroll-painting; "Allon Gay, Gay, Bergères," and "Ma Mère, Hellas! Mariez-Moy"—old French songs illuminated by Ernest H. Shepard; "Famous Dreams," by José Segrelles; and "The Merry Monarch and the 'Impudent Comedian," by Edward Matthew Ward.

I remember being involved in a comic little tangle in which two or three eminent men were treated in this way; I might almost say that they treated each other in this way. Mr. H. G. Wells, in one of his phases, wrote a chapter denouncing the invocation of a Superman as a sort of separate type of giant or god, like the colossal kings of Egyptian Art. I should have thought there was a touch of this in Mr. Wells himself, in another of his phases, when he described the case for the Giants in "The Food of the Gods." But I may be wrong; I may myself be falling into this error, which nearly everybody else fell into on this occasion. Anyhow, Mr. Wells not only repudiated the Superman as a solitary king, but accused Mr. Bernard Shaw of having assisted to crown that monstrous monarch. Mr. Shaw had doubtless talked of the Superman sometimes, but he had no difficulty in showing that he had never believed in one Superman ruling all men; but only, like Mr. Wells, in the hope of raising all men to a sort of Supermanhood. But, curiously enough, in the course of this Mr. Shaw had occasion

by Protestants. I do not suppose anybody will believe me when I state this fact, because of this interesting preference for a fixed fancy over a fact. But it is fact that the Protestant Macaulay was much more hostile to Cranmer than the Papistical Belloc. In Macaulay's version we feel stark contempt for a dirty little scoundrel; in Belloc's we feel considerable compassion for a timid scholar partly trapped into tricks that were not wholly his own. Yet I have seen scores of reviews which answered the book on Cranmer as if it were a pamphlet challenging all the reformed churches. The truth is simply as I have stated it: when a man has become a public figure famed for certain opinions, any number of critics refuse to criticise anything except those opinions. It is no use for him to have other opinions, or new opinions, even upon new topics. Bernard Shaw must be guying John Bull, though "John Bull's Other Island" is really rather favourable to him; and Belloc must be slandering Cranmer, even when he is almost excusing him.

#### THE PAWLEY-CORKRAN KIDNAPPING: BEFORE AND AFTER THE OUTRAGE.



MRS. PAWLEY ON HER WEDDING-DAY IN NEWCHWANG—JUNE 17, 1932—LESS THAN THREE MONTHS BEFORE SHE WAS CAPTURED: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. DUNCAN MCINTOSH, WHO ESCAPED FROM THE BANDITS AND GAVE THE ALARM; MRS. PHILLIPS; MR. KENNETH P. H. PAWLEY AND HIS BRIDE (EDITH MURIEL, NÉE PHILLIPS), WHO WAS KIDNAPPED ON SEPTEMBER 7; DR. WALTER PHILLIPS, MRS. PAWLEY'S FATHER; AND MR. CHARLES CORKRAN, MRS. PAWLEY'S FELLOW-PRISONER.



MRS. PAWLEY ON HER WEDDING DAY-



MRS. PAWLEY AFTER HER RELEASE-OCTOBER 1932.



MRS. PAWLEY AND MR. CORKRAN AFTER THEIR FORTY-THREE DAYS' CAPTIVITY IN THE HANDS OF THE BANDITS: A GROUP TAKEN IN HER FATHER'S GARDEN IN NEWCHWANG ON THE MORNING AFTER THE RELEASE—(LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. CHARLES CORKRAN, MRS. PAWLEY, AND MR. KENNETH P. H. PAWLEY.

To will be recalled that Mrs. K. P. H. Pawley and two friends, Mr. Charles Corkran and Mr. Duncan McIntosh, were captured and carried off by a gang of Chinese bandits while they were training ponies on the racecourse near Newchwang, in Manchukuo, on September 7 last. After they had been moved some distance, Mr. McIntosh escaped and gave the alarm. Action was taken immediately, but it was not until October 20 that the release of the prisoners was effected. Meantime, there had been much delicate negotiation with regard to terms, which the bandits reduced little by little. Eventually, as we have noted, Mrs. Pawley and Mr. Corkran were handed over to the Japanese authorities visiting Panshan for the purpose, and on the night of October 20 they reached Newchwang in safety. Mrs. Pawley, it may be added, is nineteen. She was Miss Muriel Phillips, and is the daughter of Dr. Walter Phillips, a medical missionary in Newchwang. Her husband, Mr. Kenneth P. H.



THE DOG THAT WAS CAPTURED WITH MRS. PAWLEY AND WAS WITH HER THROUGHOUT HER CAPTIVITY—SHOWN IN DR. PHILLIPS'S GARDEN IN NEWCHWANG, WITH A CHINESE GROOM, AFTER THE RELEASE.



AT THE NEWCHWANG RECEPTION AFTER THE RELEASE OF MRS. PAWLEY AND MR. CORKRAN:

(LEFT TO RIGHT; SEATED) GENERAL WANG TIEN-CHUNG, COMMANDING THE MANCHUKUO TROOPS AT
NEWCHWANG AND IN CHARGE OF THE RESCUE OPERATIONS; MR. CHARLES CORKRAN (CLEAN-SHAVEN
AGAIN); MRS. PAWLEY; CAPTAIN KAWAHITO, OF THE JAPANESE POLICE AT MUKDEN, A. CHIEF
NEGOTIATOR; AND MR. KOSHIMATO, JAPANESE NEGOTIATOR WITH THE BANDITS. (IN THE FOREGROUND,
MRS. PAWLEY'S DOG.)

Continued.]
Pawley, is an official of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, and Mr. Charles Corkran, son of Major-General Sir Charles Corkran, formerly G.O.C., London District, is with the same firm. The bandits did not ill-treat their prisoners, although, needless to say, the latter had a nerve-racking time during the forty-three days of their captivity. It is said unofficially that the ransom included £13,000, 250 lb. of opium, and winter clothing. After the release, Mrs. Pawley went to Dairen to recuperate, accompanied by her husband and her father and mother.

#### THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT.

III.-LIGHT AND COLOUR. (Part I.)

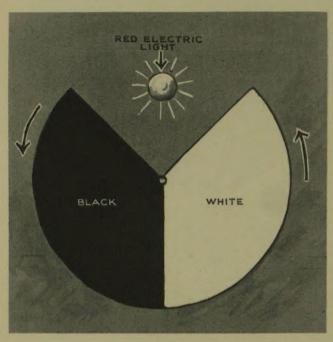
By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, O.M., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.

(See Illustrations on the opposite Page.)

Here follows the third of the six articles specially written for us by Sir William Bragg, the famous physicist, condensing his lectures on "The Universe of Light," given at the Royal Institution. The first two articles appeared in our issues of Nov. 5 and 19 respectively, and the rest will be published later. Both the third article (given here) and the fourth deal with Light and Colour.

THERE is a quality of light which we call colour. We all know how much it means to us, and I need not pause even for a moment to consider its importance. We are here concerned only with the problems of light itself, of the manner in which it carries its qualities, of the way in which qualities are impressed upon it, and of their perception by our eyes.

What, then, is the feature on which colour depends? The answer has been long known. If light be considered



GREEN WHEN A BLACK - AND - WHITE ROTATING DISC IS SPUN ROUND: A VERY CURIOUS EFFECT DUE TO AN OBSCURE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION.

The explanation of the above diagram is given in the concluding paragraph of Sir William Bragg's article on this page.

to be a train of waves in some medium which we name the ether, then colour depends only on the wave-length—that is to say, on the distance between the crest of any wave and its successor. In free space, whatever the wave-length may be, light travels at the same rate: when coming to us from the sun all qualities get to us in the same time. But when passing through glass or water or any transparent material there is a drop in speed, the magnitude of which depends on the wave-length. We have already used the analogy of men on the march who come on difficult ground cutting their line of march obliquely. Just as the line tends to swing round and become more nearly parallel to the line separating the easy ground from the difficult, so the advancing waves alter their direction, and in the same sense. Let us now extend the analogy: if the marching ranks were formed of small boys and not of men, the deflection would be greater still, because their shorter legs would be more impeded by the roughness of the ground. If men and boys had been marching together, as an illustration on the opposite page shows, the latter will not only lag behind, but actually march away in a different direction.

Just so, when light enters a piece of glass obliquely, the short waves are swung round more than the long. If the light emerges again from the glass into the open across a surface which is parallel to that by which it entered, the original directions are restored: which is the reason why we see objects in their natural colours when we look

If the light emerges again from the glass into the open across a surface which is parallel to that by which it entered, the original directions are restored: which is the reason why we see objects in their natural colours when we look at them through the window. There has been some separation on the way through the glass, but all is put right again on emergence. If, however, the two sides of the glass are not parallel, the separation becomes permanent. If we allow a ray of sunlight, or of light from the electric arc, to fall upon a prism, the result is a display of colour which we call the "spectrum" of the light. Such prismatic effects are very common: as, for example, in the cut-glass drops that are used for decorative purposes. But to see them in all their glory we must send a well-defined ray of white light, as intense as possible, through a prism of glass or other suitable material, and allow it to fall upon a white screen in a darkened room: as Newton did long ago, and as we do now. We have means of measuring the lengths of the waves that give these different sensations of colour: at the red end the length is rather less than the thousandth of a millimetre, or about a thirty-thousandth part of an inch. At the other end of the spectrum is violet, where the wave-length is approximately half as great.

But we may go on to enquire how objects which we see about us acquire their colour: and our discovery that

lay Research Laboratory.

colour depends upon wave-length sets us right on one important point. For we know that a set of waves cannot change directly into a set of waves of different wave-lengths. An ocean sweil does not become a set of ripples in passing through an opening or on being reflected from a wall. Red light is not to be expected, therefore, to become blue, or vice versa, when it passes through any transparent substance or is reflected from any object. When a piece of cloth illuminated by the sun appears red, there has been no conversion of all the wave-lengths of the primary rays into the long waves of red; the effect must have been produced by the destruction of all the shorter waves. Colour is here due to the destruction of colour; and this is the general rule. Exceptions are due to the introduction of fresh conditions which we may presently consider in their turn.

We can, for instance, test this theory by making the light from our lamp pass through a coloured solution on its way to the screen. Here, for instance, is a red liquid, and we see that it draws a veil over all the spectrum but the red, which it leaves alone. The liquid does not turn the white light into red, but destroys the other colours, leaving the red. A blue liquid wipes out the red; a pale yellow liquid wipes out only the extreme violet. These two latter examples make us aware that a colour which seems to us to be "pure," whatever we mean by the phrase, may be made up of light of many wave-lengths, capable of resolution into many colours. And why not, when we talk sometimes of a pure white?

Moreover, we find that there are ever so many ways of making up a particular colour, however "pure" it may seem. We can get the "white" sensation not only from the usual mixture to be found, for example, in the rays from the sun, but also from other mixtures. Here, for example, are a blue and a yellow, which, when thrown upon the screen, make white. Each is fairly pure in the physical sense—that is to say, the blue comes from a short range of

made up in many ways, as already stated, and the eye fails to distinguish one from another. But in sound, the car can always analyse a compound of notes; they make a chord which may give pleasure or not by its composition. This is an essential contribution to music: how great it is we may realise by considering, that, if the ear resembled the eye more closely in this respect, every chord or combination of notes, when played, would run together and be interpreted as a single note, the pitch of which would be an average of the pitches of the component notes. Many have made the attempt to construct an instrument in which the appeal to our senses is to be made through the play of colour upon a screen; each key of the instrument throwing in light of a particular wave-length. The attempts have always failed badly; and it may well be that the failure is due to the incapacity of the eye to resolve a "chord" of colour. In other words, there is far less analogy between eye and ear than those have thought who proposed to make "colour organs."

Let us now consider how the eye distinguishes the various colours. On this question there has been spent, quite naturally, a very large amount of interesting research. It is not surprising that the solution of such an intricate problem is not yet fully in hand. But certain main conclusions have been reached, which may be stated broadly as follows. There is not a special receiver for each wave-length, nor is there any means of turning any one receiver to respond to a particular wave-length, as we do with a radio set. There are three different sets of receivers, each responsive to a wide range, like a radio set which cannot be turned sharply. Two of them respond best to the two ends of the visible spectrum and one to the centre. Our sensations of colour depend on the relative problems in the relative amount of the long wave-lengths. Quite a number of people are "colour-bind" because of such a defect the relative himselficient, the eye is less sensitive to variations in colour due to c

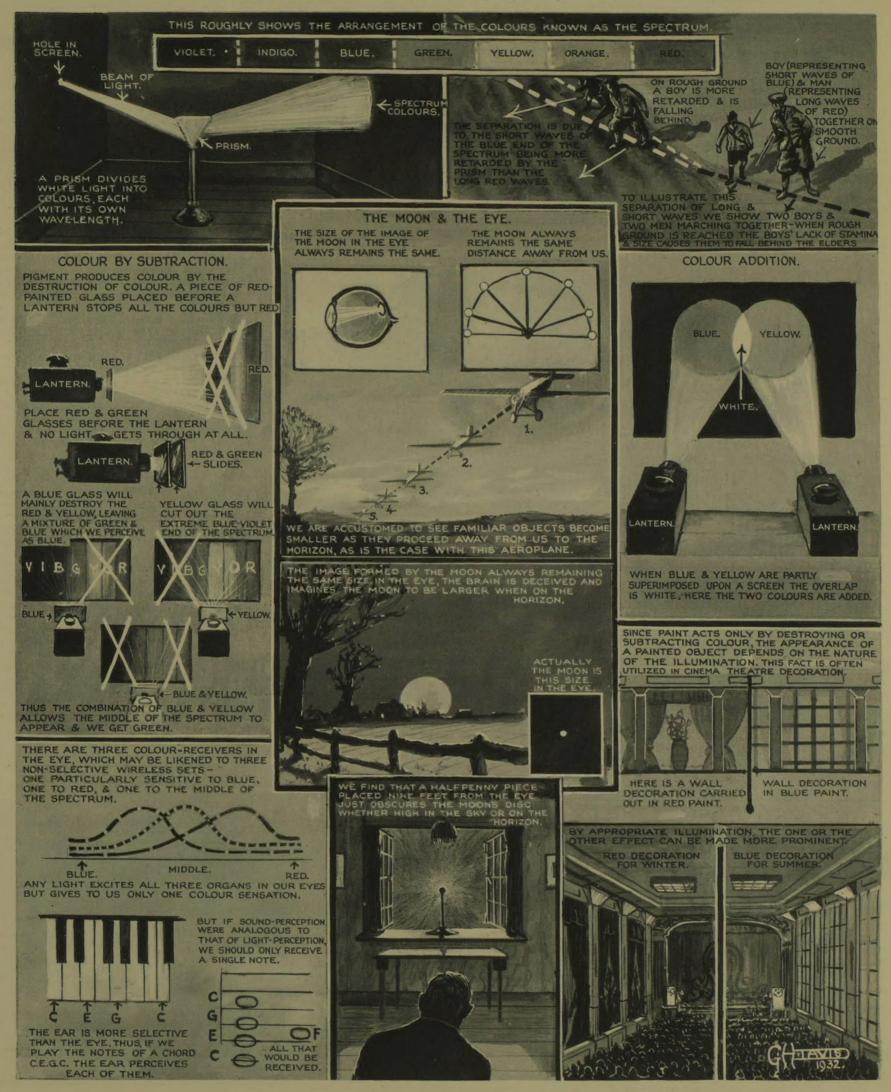


A STAR SEEN IN A SHAKEN MIRROR BECOMES A STRING OF JEWELS MOSTLY RED AND GREEN: AN EXAMPLE OF COLOUR BEING CAUSED BY REFRACTION OF WHITE LIGHT.

In a note on this diagram, Sir William Bragg says: "Whenever there is refraction of white light there is colour. The light of a star is generally refracted somewhat in coming through the atmosphere. Hence there is colour constantly changing with the turbulent motions of the air. Look at the image of a bright star in a mirror and move the mirror quickly. The image of the star is drawn out into a string of jewels, mostly red and green."—[Both Drawings above by G. H. Davis.]

#### THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT: COLOUR; THE MOON AND A HALFPENNY.

Drawn by G. H. Davis from Material Supplied by Sir William Bragg, O.M., F.R.S. (See his Article on the Opposite Page.)



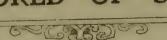
III .- "LIGHT AND COLOUR" -- PART I.: SIR WILLIAM BRAGG'S EXPERIMENTS AT HIS THIRD LECTURE.

Sir William Bragg's article on the opposite page, to which our illustrations relate, is the third of a new series which he is contributing specially to our pages as condensations of his very interesting lectures on "The Universe of Light," delivered to audiences of young people and others at the Royal Institution. The first two articles, dealing respectively with The Nature of Light, and Light and the Eye, have already appeared, and the remaining three will follow in future issues. The present article (No. 3) is the first of two that are concerned with the fascinating problems of Light and Colour. The subject of No. 5 will be

Light from the Sky, and that of the sixth and last article, Light from the Sun and the Stars. As with his similar sets of lectures in previous years, on various other scientific themes, Sir William Bragg is preparing to issue the present series in book form. This time, however, the volume will be considerably amplified, and not designed particularly for boys and girls, but, like his lectures, will certainly appeal to readers of maturer age interested in the wonders of science. It will be published by Messrs. Bell early in the New Year, under the same title as these articles—"The Universe of Light."



#### SCIENCE. THE





#### WHAT IS A SHARK?

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

HAVE just had an opportunity of making a care-I ful examination of a porbeagle shark recently caught in Irish waters, and while this survey was in progress I was asked to define what we mean by a "shark." My dictionary tells me that it is "a common name for most of the Elasmobranch fishes,"

mon name for most of the Elasmobranch fishes," surely not a very illuminating definition! Nevertheless, a really concise reply to such a question is not easy. One might describe it as a fish having a "gristly" or cartilaginous skeleton, an elongated body covered with minute spines, and having each side of the head marked by a number of vertical slits, which are gillopenings. But this would not meet the conception of the ordinary man, who is always ordinary man, who is always impressed by size; and the very mention of the word shark, with him, conjures up visions of huge "man-eating" creatures.

Apart, however, from size,
this description applies equally
well to "dog-fish," of which
all of us have at least a passing acquaintance. As a matter of fact, there is no sharp line to be drawn between them. Some large dog-fish are often called sharks. A dog-fish, in short, is only a shark in miniature. The largest of the sharks may attain to a length of as much as 30 ft.; while the smallest dog-fish may measure round about 18 in. long. The extinct carcharodon attained to 90 ft., thus exceeding all but the very largest whales.

But the interest of the shark tribe lies not really in this matter of size, but in the surprising features they reveal when carefully examined. And these

opening the mouth suddenly, too-inquisitive fishes are instantly engulfed by the consequent inrush of

Very different are what we may call the "typical' sharks, of which the porbeagle is one. Herein, it will be noticed, there is a sharp-pointed projecting snout, carried so far forward as to cause the mouth to lie on the under-surface of the head. This seems to have come about in the process of "stream-lining"



I. AN ADMIRABLE EXAMPLE OF THE WORKING OF THE LAWS OF DYNAMICS IN NATURE:
A PORBEAGLE SHARK (LAMNA CORNUBICA) RECENTLY CAUGHT IN IRISH WATERS; SHOWING
THE PERFECTION OF "STREAM-LINING" IN THIS FIERCE AND FAST-TRAVELLING FISH.

THE PERFECTION OF STREAM-LINING IN THIS FIERCE AND FAST-IRAVELLING FISH.

The "stream-lining" of the porbeagle shark has reached such an exquisite pitch that there is even a kind of shelf, or horizontal "keel," just in front of the tail. This has arisen as the result of the friction of the stream of water converging in this area as the body cleaves through the water. The huge dorsal fin also serves its purpose—to preserve the balance of the body at full speed and prevent the shark from momentarily turning turtle.

induced by the speed with which the body is propelled through the water: for there is no such "cutwater" in the sluggish carpet-shark and basking shark.

Most of these "chasers" feed upon other fish, including their smaller relatives. But the great white shark (Carcharodon), which may attain to a length of 30 ft., is a much more formidable creature, porpoises and sea-lions having been found in their stomachs. Sailors call it the "man-eating shark," and no doubt, should a man have the misfortune to fall overboard in the track of one of these ferocious creatures, he would be torn in pieces. But some doubt has been cast and I think rightly—on the statements that men have been cut in two, or have had a leg severed, by a single bite. Their great triangular teeth, with serrated edges, are certainly fearsome weapons, but they are small as compared with those of the fossil carcharodon, which must have attained to a length of round about 90 ft.! There are teeth of this

extinct species 6 in. long and 5 in. in diameter at the base.

The singular mode of growth of the teeth in the shark tribe deserves special mention. The tooth-bearing mammals, including ourselves, have to be content with two sets. Goodness knows how many sets the shark has, nor how long each set lasts. In sets the shark has, nor how long each set lasts. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), a portion of the jaw of the porbeagle is shown. And here we find that each tooth has at least five successors. These lie closely packed, or folded down, one behind the other, and behind the upstanding functional tooth. As this fails to yield full service it is shed, and the one next behind it takes its place. All the remaining teeth of that set now move upwards, and a new tooth at the bottom of the series arises to keep up the stock! As touching the varied shapes presented by the teeth of the shark tribe I may say nothing now, because there are other features which must find a place here. place here

One of these concerns the breathing apparatus. All fishes breathe by means of "gills." These are formed by delicate blood-vessels, supported on a branching framework, having the form of a series of hoops encircling the upper part of the gullet. Water taken in at the mouth is passed over this framework, whence the blood extracts the oxygen held in suspension in the protection of the suspension in the protection of the protect whence the blood extracts the oxygen held in suspension in the water, and discharges the poisonous carbon-dioxide carried in the veins. After this fashion all fishes breathe. But the details of the gill-apparatus differ conspicuously as between the about tribe and the "beautiful forms."

the shark tribe and the "bony fishes," such as the salmon and the herring, for instance. Herein the vitiated water, as Herein the vitiated water, as everybody knows, is expelled through a great cleft on each side of the head, formed by the gill - cover. The gills themselves can all be seen on raising this cover.

In the shark tribe, how-ever, in place of a single gill-cover we find a series of gill-cover we find a series of vertical slits, one behind the other, five in number. Each of these leads into a purse-like chamber, which opens, internally, into the throat between a pair of gill-bars, which send backwards a series of gristly rods to serve as supports to the walls of the purse and for the blood - vessels. In the adjoining photograph, one of adjoining photograph, one of these slits has been cut away

from its attachments, and is displayed so as to show the gills attached to the wall of the purse-like chamber.

There is one other point about the porbeagle which is worth noting. If the photographs be carefully examined, it will be noted that the tapering body, just before passing into the great tail-fin, is not round, but produced sideways, to form a shelf-like projection, or "keel." And by this alone we may know that it possesses a considerable turn of speed, for this keel has arisen as a response to the friction of the stream of water, converging in this area, as the body cleaves

its way through the water.

The great size of the dorsal fin is another such indicator. Its function is to preserve the



3. A FISH WHICH IS FOR EVER "TEETHING":
A PORTION OF THE JAW OF THE PORBEAGLE;
SHOWING THE TEETH (ARRANGED IN SETS OF SIX
TRANSVERSELY ACROSS THE JAW) WHICH MOVE UP
TO TAKE ITS PLACE, AS THE UPPERMOST, FUNCTIONAL, TOOTH WEARS OUT.

balance of the body when being driven "full speed ahead." Without it there would be a very real danger of a sudden turn being converted into a side-slip, or even into the calamity of momentarily "turning turtle,"!



2. THE PECULIAR "AIR-INTAKE" OF A MAGNIFICENT "SWIMMING MACHINE": THE PORBEAGLE; WITH ONE OF ITS GILL-SLITS CUT AWAY FROM ITS ATTACHMENT, SHOWING THE GILLS.

The gill-apparatus is seen attached to the wall of the purse-like chamber, the exit from which is furnished by the gill-slits, which discharge the vitiated water (from which the oxygen has been extracted, and carrying the poisonous carbon-dioxide) taken in at the mouth. The vitiated water eventually passes out through the gristly arches in the walls of the guillet.

present so wide a range that only one or two of the more important can be mentioned here. In the popular mind, sharks are always regarded as the embodiment of voracity and ferocity, and it must be admitted that they live up to their reputation! Yet there

are many exceptions to this rule.

The huge basking shark may well be likened to the dormouse in "Alice in Wonderland," for it seems to spend a large part of its time asleep, at the surface of the sea when it can be as the surface of the sea when it can be as the sea when it surface of the sea, when it can easily be approached and harpooned. This form of shark-fishing is carried and harpooned. This form of shark-fishing is carried on off the Irish coast, where they are hunted for the sake of the oil yielded by the liver. One is tempted to ask, is a torpid liver the cause of their undoing! At the other extreme is the carpet-shark (Orectolobus), which lives at the bottom of the sea. This is also a lethargic species, and with a skin tinted to match its surroundings so closely as to form a mantle of invisibility. But, more than this, loose tabs of skin fringing the mouth form a lure, so that, by merely

#### PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR-FIGHTING: FURTHER SNAPSHOTS BY GUYNEMER.

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A GUYNEMER PHOTOGRAPH OF AN AERIAL COMBAT; SHOWING TWO MACHINES. This was taken in 1917 from a distance of between 75 and 120 metres.



GUYNEMER, THE GREAT FRENCH "ACE," WHO TOOK THE SNAPSHOTS OF AIR-FIGHTS WHICH ARE REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE; PHOTOGRAPHED ON MAY 25, 1917, AFTER HE HAD BROUGHT DOWN THREE ENEMY AERO-PLANES ON THAT DAY (LEFT FOREGROUND).



A GUYNEMER PHOTOGRAPH OF AN AERIAL COMBAT; SHOWING TWO MACHINES. This was taken in 1917 from a distance of between 40 and 80 metres.



Distance: 25" Piedo prise au como dun 3. 400 Fair Dessus de Pattonement

A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GUYNEMER IN 1917 FROM A DISTANCE OF 25 METRES WHILE HE WAS FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF 3400 METRES.—SIGNED BY GUYNEMER AND COUNTERSIGNED BY BROCARD, HIS COMMANDANT.



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A SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GUYNEMER AT A HEIGHT OF 2200 METRES, AND FROM A DISTANCE OF 50 METRES, AT THE MOMENT AT WHICH THE VIOLENT MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY AEROPLANE THREW ITS PASSENGER OUT.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GUYNEMER IN 1917 FROM A DISTANCE OF 35 METRES WHILE HE WAS FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF 3400 METRES.—SIGNED BY GUYNEMER AND COUNTERSIGNED BY BROCARD, HIS COMMANDANT.



TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF IOO METRES DURING AN AERIAL COMBAT; AND SHOWING TRENCHES.





TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF 80 METRES. A GERMAN ALBATROSS DURING AN AIR-DURING AN AERIAL COMBAT IN CHAM- FIGHT NORTH OF CRAONNE,—FROM PAGNE. IS METRES.



A GERMAN ALBATROSS DURING A FIGHT NEAR THE RESERVOIR, AISNE.—FROM
75 METRES.



AN ENEMY MACHINE ESCAPING A TRACER BULLET, WHOSE TRACK IS SEEN TO ITS LEFT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.—TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF 80 METRES.

AS we noted in our last issue, the British pilot who took the majority of the remarkable photographs of air-fighting published by "The Illustrated London News" on October 8, 22, and 29 and November 12, was not the only pilot to take such photographs during the Great War, although those for which he was responsible are the most amazing. Snapshots of a kindred nature were secured, for example, by a French observer, who made a negative of a Voisin two-seater falling in flames after an engagement with Boelcke; by a Belgian airman; and by that great French "ace" Guynemer, who was in over six hundred air-fights. Last week we reproduced one of Guynemer's photographs of a German Albatross fighting in 1917, a record from his album of such photographs, which is now in the possession of his relatives. Here we present other snapshots from that album, selecting them from a number signed by Guynemer himself—as shown in three of our reproductions—and countersigned by Brocard, his commandant. Guynemer's scope, it is necessary to add, was far more limited than that of the British pilot, in that he was only able to use a little pocket roll-film camera, with a simple lens, mounted on a strut of his machine. He had an advantage over the British pilot, however, in that he could take several snapshots during any particular fight, whereas the British pilot had to be content with one—his exposure being made when he pressed the trigger of his gun for the first time.



THE FIFTY-FIRST AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN BY GUYNEMER: THE MACHINE DURING THE FIGHT ABOVE DIXMUDE — A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF 40 METRES AND SHOWING SHRAPNEL-BURSTS.

#### HOW LANCASHIRE HELPS THE UNEMPLOYED.

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF CONDITIONS IN VARIOUS TOWNS INCLUDED IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ITINERARY OF HIS TOUR THROUGH INDUSTRIAL LANCASHIRE.

By C. E. TURNER. (See his Illustrations Opposite and on Pages 846 and 847.)

ET us try to visualise a typical November afternoon ET us try to visualise a typical November afternoon in a Lancashire manufacturing town. Semi-daylight, colourless and drab, thin drizzle, and damp drift, causing roofs, pavement, and cobblestone roadway to reflect grey sky and a foreground of blackened brick and slate—such is the general aspect of the scene. Huge factory buildings of magnificent proportions and severe architecture, with enormous chimney-like columns supporting the cloud banks and smoke drift, are surrounded by long lines of two-storeyed cottages—"brick boxes with slate lids"—the monotony of the long rows only broken here and there by an intersecting street with

by an intersecting street with a squalid corner shop. We find a population whose traditions are a splendid record of con-tinuous industry and hard work from generation to generation, in which great pride is evidenced—the pride of useful production. "Ay, he's a worker!" is the North Country worker!" is the North Country idea of high compliment in factory, mill, pit, and foundry. To these men and women industrial depression is tragedy indeed—"out of work" the most dreaded phrase of all.

In surroundings such as those described, it is not difficult to imagine the effect on the individual of having no occupation in any form over a long

tion in any form over a long period. Men and women tramption in any form over a long period. Men and women tramping the streets, filling the free libraries to search the "Situations Vacant" columns of the newspapers, haunting the gateways of mill and factory, and later, as apathy sets in, loafing in groups at street corners, might easily in time lose that sense of pride, which already, it is to be feared, is being weakened by continued unemployment. Occupation of mind and fitness of body seem to be the necessary antidotes in times of work shortage. The "dole" does very little to meet this necessity, beyond giving means to visit the picture house or the football match. match.

The work that is being done by the National Council of Social Service is designed to provide in some degree the requisite occupation and inrequisite occupation and in-terest. Considered as a nucleus, the work already begun is in every way admirable, but it is only a beginning. For example, at Widnes, a town with a population of over 40,000, where most of the men usually where most of the men usually are employed in manufacturing chemicals, the number of people out of work is in the neighbourhood of 8000 — an appallingly high percentage, as nearly all the workers will have dependents included in the population figures. Here about thirty or forty of the unemployed men have been enabled, by gifts of material and land, to build a wooden hut intended for a Social Club. Facilities for instruction are Facilities for instruction are given at the Municipal Tech-

nical School, and classes in carpentry and boot-repairing are attended by about twenty or thirty pupils. More is very obviously needed in extension of such opportunities very obviously needed in extension of such opportunities before any effective impression can be made on the huge total of unemployed mentioned above. Many towns are without any organisation at all, and there is certainly need for more of these Centres of Occupation. At present they are quite new in the history of social service—institutions which are still in the experimental stage. Nevertheless, enough experience has been gained to show the practicability of successful development on certain lines. The great need is that of active support and extension.

No doubt the work in Lancashire will receive tremendous encouragement from the visit of the Prince of Wales, as patron of the National Council of Social Service, to Bolton, Liverpool, Wigan, St. Helens, Warrington, and Widnes.

At Liverpool, the great Merseyside seaport with its population of 855,539, distress is not so apparent in the smaller towns, although there are 97,124 persons "on the register." Here the Social Centres are very admirably organised as a beginning of really effective work in counteracting the tendency of idleness to produce inefficiency. At the David Lewis Club in Great George Street, Liverpool, classes are

Lewis Club in Great George Street, Liverpool, classes are held as follows: Monday: English, Heredity, and Chemistry. Tuesday: Road Transport, Russia, and a "Refresher" Course in Shorthand. Wednesday: The Rise of Merseyside, Modern Germany, Engineering, Electrical Machinery, and Popular Science. Thursday: German, French, and Shorthand. Friday: History. Lectures on other subjects are also being organised. These lectures are given by members of the staff of Liverpool University, and are free for unemployed men and women. Free classes in physical training, drill, and so on, are held at the David Lewis Club and at the building of the Y.M.C.A.

At Liverpool, also, an association called the Personal Service Society has been admirably organised. Its aim is

Service Society has been admirably organised. Its aim is

the tools provided, he proceeded with great dexterity to remove the sole, or what remained of the original sole, and to make a very neat job with a piece of leather brought for the purpose!

The Prince of Wales pointed out, in his speech at the Albert Hall last January, that the way to solve the huge problem of apathy amongst the unemployed is to break it into little pieces and to treat each neighbourhood or group of streets as a separate entity needing a centre or service club—call it what you will—where the men can fill their time and occupy their minds. The cost of providing room and some essential tools is ridiculously small in view of the results achieved, and a small beginning can be developed indefinitely, as may be seen at Liverpool.

The voluntary social work and organisation in this city is taken as a model in the smaller Lancashire towns which the Prince arranged to visit, and nowhere else has the same progress been made. The carpentry and boot-repair classes are to be found in more or less degree at Widnes, Wigan, Warrington, and St. Helens, and prove very popular among those who, from their childhood, have been accustomed to "use their hands."

In the smaller towns of Lancashire, the need for occupation is much evidenced by the number of people wandering aimlessly about the streets or forming groups at street corners, and by the crowds that collect round the Lebour Evaluation is much evidenced by the number of people wandering aimlessly about the streets or forming groups at street corners, and by the crowds that

"GROUPS OF UNEMPLOYED MEN HAUNTING GATEWAYS OF MILL, FACTORY, AND PIT": A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN A LANCASHIRE MANUFACTURING TOWN DURING THIS PERIOD OF TRADE DEPRESSION. Drawn by C. E. Turner, our Special Artist in Lancashire

to "help people to help themselves" by acting as a bridge

to "help people to help themselves" by acting as a bridge between those needing help and those able to give it. Free legal advice is given to those unable to pay for it, as well as advice on almost every difficulty conceivable. Applications for interviews are almost overwhelming, and temporary provision for privacy has had to be made. The Society was formed in 1919 and has dealt with 65,000 applications for assistance.

There is much distress in Liverpool amongst the class of workers known locally as the "white collar men"—clerks, warehousemen, and so on. These—and many women of the same class—are people who have been obliged to live right up to their salaries, and yet have been outside the official unemployment insurance. These unfortunates are particularly badly hit at present; those out of employment are usually without means at all beyond small savings,

and yet in the search for re-employment they are still compelled to keep up a smart appearance to have any chance of success.

The fact that their distressed condition, through this

The fact that their distressed condition, through this necessity of keeping up appearances, is not obviously disclosed, gives the main streets of Liverpool an air of greater prosperity than is actually the case. In a small manufacturing town, the true facts are much more apparent. Many cases of such distress among the ostensibly "well to do" come to the notice of the Personal Service Society. The St. Anne's Citizens Institute, a visit to which was included in the Prince's programme, is doing splendid work amongst the Liverpool poor and unemployed. Cheap food and beds are provided, with various amenities—athletic recreation such as boxing and football, a library, baths, and a nursery for the care of babies whilst their mothers are at work. The Institute was established about 1880. It was here that the writer witnessed a typical incident. Whilst he was in the "boot-repairing room" a youth of about seventeen entered and removed a boot (incidentally disclosing an indescribable sock!). With the tools provided, he proceeded with great dexterity to remove the sole, or what remained of the original sole, and to make a very neat job with a piece of leather brought for the purpose!

aimlessly about the streets or forming groups at street corners, and by the crowds that collect round the Labour Exchange offices. It is all very sad to see these men, mostly skilled in some trade or occupation, doing nothing through no fault of their own, and gradually losing touch with their proper means of livelihood. One is rarely accosted by a beggar or sees anyone begging here. The mendicant attitude

hood. One is rarely accosted by a beggar or sees anyone begging here. The mendicant attitude of mind does not appear to be popular amongst the workers.

The general position regarding conditions both in Lancashire and elsewhere, along with useful suggestions as to what can be done by voluntary effort, is well summed up in a pamphlet issued by the National Council of Social Service, entitled "Work With the Unemployed." The following paragraph contains the gist of the matter: "The greatest need of those who are out of work is, of course, opportunity to earn their livelihood. In the absence of that opportunity, they need especially two things in addition to the provision for bare maintenance made by the State. They need occupation that will develop their capacities and keep them fit, mentally and physically. And they need the chance to join in social activities that will help to maintain their self-respect. Moreover, experi-

ence has proved that the most successful schemes are not only those which the men themselves help to organise, but are in many cases those which are unpretentious and inexpensive. Many have failed because they were wholly devised by some outside body and were planned on lines that did not appeal to the men and women in question. Many more successful schemes might be started if it were realised that, with the co-operation of the men themselves, elaborate or expensive provision is unnecessary.

"An empty house or workshop can be made very homely by the men themselves with the help of materials, tools, and other simple equipment, which will often be presented by those who cannot give money. In a similar way, facilities for outdoor games could often be provided with little or no cost and for outdoor occupation that will even have economic value."

even have economic value.

#### ON THE PRINCE'S LIVERPOOL PROGRAMME: A BUREAU OF ADVICE.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN LANCASHIRE.



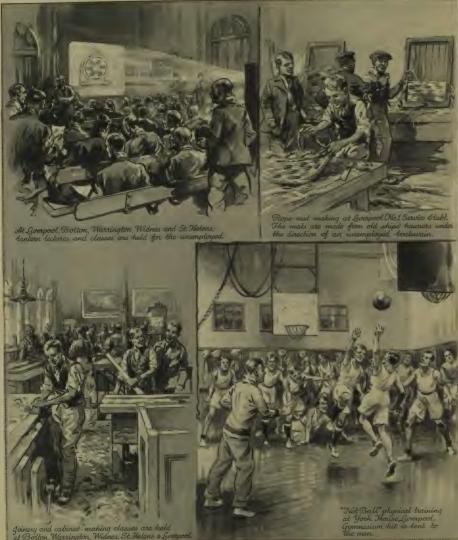
A POOR WOMAN BRINGS HER TROUBLES TO THE LIVERPOOL PERSONAL SERVICE SOCIETY: A TYPICAL INTERVIEW AT AN INSTITUTION WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO VISIT.

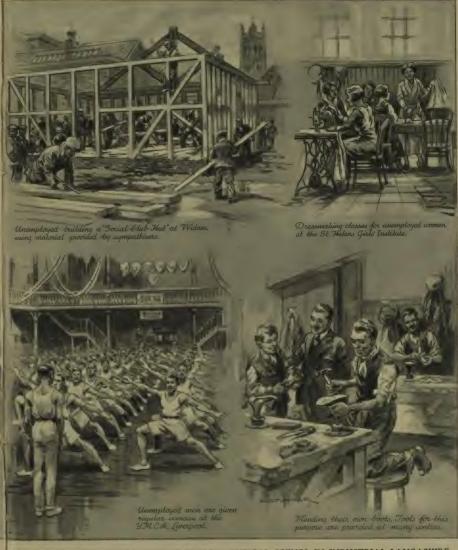
One of the most interesting social institutions which the Prince of Wales arranged to see, during his Lancashire tour, was the Liverpool Personal Service Society, which acts as a bureau of advice and information. Its aim is to help people to help themselves by forming a bridge between those needing help and those able to give it. Since its foundation in January 1919, it has dealt with 65,000 applicants. Its 14th Annual Report says: "Our advice is asked in courtship, marriage, and divorce; we are asked to recover stolen goods, to find homes for men, women, and children, to recommend lodgings and lodgers, nurselings and guardians, to advise on debt incurred through misfortune, carelessness or crime. The matter at stake may be of lifelong

importance, such as deportation or training, or may involve such temporary issues as the provision of a dog license, or the annoyance of a neighbour's wireless." The Society's work includes (1) "Poor Man's Lawyer"; (2) Seven Old Peoples' Clubs; (3) Advice on Insurance; (4) Visiting patients in hospitals; (5) Almoner work; (6) Occupation centres for adult cripples; (7) Hospital after-care; (8) Training students in social service. The drawing shows a poor woman who has brought her trouble to the Society, whilst others await their turn. On the right a man is leaving after receiving advice. Every endeavour is made to ensure privacy, and separate consulting-rooms are provided. In time of pressure, however, screens are used for additional "consulting stations."

#### LANCASHIRE'S RESPONSE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APPEAL FOR SOCIAL SERVICE: OCCUPATION FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN LANCASHIRE. SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 844 AND ILLUSTRATION FACING IT.)





#### "MY APPEAL IS . . . TO ALL THOSE WHO ARE IN WORK, TO PLAY THE PART OF NEIGHBOUR OCCUPATION AND TRAINING CENTRES WHICH THE

The Prince of Wales, as Patron of the National Council of Social Service, The Prince of Wales, as Patron of the National Council of Social Service, continues to follow up his famous appeal for voluntary effort, by personal visits to different parts of the country. When he was in Belfast recently, for example, to open the new Parliament buildings, he saw a training centre for young people, run by the Northern Ireland Ministry of Labour, and the YMCA. Boys' Club. His next plan was a tour in Lancashire on November 23 and 24. He arranged to stay at Knowsley with Lord Derby and to visit, in turn. Bolton, Wigan, Liverpool, St. Helens, Widnes, and Warrington; also (near this last town) Appleton Hall, a residential center for the training of domestic servants. His object was to see for himself at each place what is being done to enable those out of work to keep fit and spend their time usefully. It may be recalled that in his speech (already referred to) made at the Albert Hall last January, he said: "My appeal here is not to statesmen, nor even to philanthropists, but to all those who are in work, to play the part of neighbour and friend to the man out of work. . . . I believe there are groups of the unemployed

AND FRIEND TO THE MAN OUT OF WORK": TYPICAL SCENES IN INDUSTRIAL LANCASHIRE-PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO VISIT DURING HIS TOUR.

here and there, dead sick of prolonged idleness, who are themselves feeling out towards ways of giving their unhired labour in co-operative effort for the help of others in need. It is up to us to back such attempts with the help of others in need. It is up to us to back suom attempts with every possible support." At least one occupation centre in Lancashire, he would find, is housed in a building erected entirely by unemployed men themselves. Under the agis of the local Councils of Social Service, in Lancashire, voluntary organisations provide occupation for workless that restores zest and Interest to their lives. Besides reading, and writingrooms—some of which the men are providing themselves, as at Widnes—there are springing up "Occupation Centres," where various crafts can be learnt under an instructor, such as those illustrated above—boot-repairing, joinery and cabinet-making, mat-making, dressmaking for women, and so on. The need to keep fit is not forgotten, and physical-training clauses have a tonic effect on the depressed spirits of young fellows who would otherwise have no means of taking necessary exercise. Classes for men are organised by the Liverpool University Settlement.



#### Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE EXIONS W

DRIDE of place in the month's fiction naturally goes to "Flowering Wilderness." Mr. Galsworthy's creative energy is inexhaustible. He does not always hit upon a new idea; who could? The novelist's mind must follow its own bent. Mr. Galsworthy has always sympathised with the plight of the individual at odds with the crowd; almost any form of social ostracism makes his blood boil. Especially does he dislike herd feeling when it is embodied in the well-to-do, the respectable, the socially secure. "Maid-in-Waiting" told how "Dinny" Cherrell moved heaven and earth on behalf of her brother, Hubert. Hubert was said to have killed a half-caste who had been ill-treating an animal. But for Dinny's efforts he would have been disgraced and his career ruined. In "Flowering Wilderness" her good offices are bespoken on behalf of another lame dog. In this new mission she had even more at stake: for she was in love with Wilfrid Desert.

He was a poet, which was in itself enough to make him suspect in the eyes of the conventional. Worse still, he was a renegade. He had forsworn his religion at the pistol's point. This act of cowardice might have been forgiven him, but he chose to advertise it in a poem; all the world should know the discreditable circumstances in which he had become a Mahom-

discreditable circumstances in which he had become a Mahommedan. He was his own enemy, he was divided against himself; he could not even accept Dinny's he could not even accept Dinny's unwavering devotion. Public opinion sets against him; a friend of Dinny's family with old-fashioned ideas insults him publicly, and a fight follows. This part of the story is extremely exciting; the conclusion, though it will disappoint some of Mr. Galsworthy's readers, is asthetic-Galsworthy's readers, is æsthetic ally justified. "Flowering Wilder

ally justified. "Flowering Wilderness" is a very fine novel; its main defect (a serious one) is that in these days only one person in a hundred would have condemned Desert for what he did; on the contrary, public opinion would probably have made him a hero. Our list contains some first-rate historical novels. "Josephus" is an account of the relationships between Rome and Judæa which led up to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. Herr Feuchtwanger has made a profound study of these events, and he presents them through the eyes of the Jewish historian, Josephus. Josephus was a

by Titus. Herr Feuchtwanger has made a profound study of these events, and he presents them through the eyes of the Jewish historian, Josephus. Josephus was a devout Jew and a man of enormous ambition; he believed that by making himself the confidential adviser of Vespasian and Titus he could save Jerusalem. As we know, he failed: Jerusalem was sacked and the Temple burnt. In the description of these terrible scenes, Herr Feuchtwanger's pictorial gift surpasses itself. The whole story is a marvellous reconstruction and evocation of the Ancient World, and a wonderful example of erudition and imagination working in harmony.

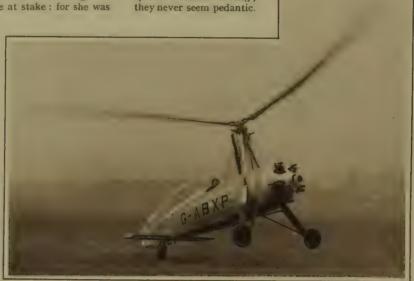
An interval of nine hundred years, and we are plunged into the Dark Ages. The Vikings of Orkney were, one supposes, much like other Vikings: brave, greedy, drunken, restless, vindictive, readier to fight than to work. Mr. Linklater describes them splendidly, and the voyage which, after a terrible time of storm and stress, brings the Men of Ness at last to Northumbrian shores is a memorable piece of writing. The story itself is not quite worthy of the excellent characterisation: Signy's two sons carry out their mother's vendetta, but more through good luck than good management, and there is a touch of melodrama in the scene in which Ivar expiates his crime. On the other hand, Mr. Linklater has an uncanny insight into the superstitious side of the Vikings' natures: the incident where the "troll-wife" walks chilled me to the marrow.

The action of Miss Rose Macaulay's new novel takes place on the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War. The scene shifts from Devonshire, where Robert Herrick irritates and delights his parishioners with his lampoons, to Cambridge, at that moment a nest of singing birds. We encounter many famous poets, besides Herrick himself—Milton, Suckling, Cowley: the whole story is bathed in poetry, and hums with discussions about poetry and philosophy. But it is not unduly academic. The

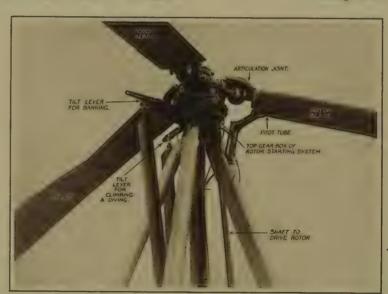
#### BOOKS REVIEWED.

Flowering Wilderness. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Josephus. By Lion Feuchtwanger. (Seeker; 7s. 6d.)
The Men of Ness. By Eric Linklater. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
They Were Defeated. By Rose Macaulay. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)
Belinda Grove. By Helen Ashton. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Mary Dallon. By Hubert Asquith. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)
Public Faces. By Harold Nicolson. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
Wanton Boys. By Richard Oke. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Provincial Lady Goes Further. By E. M. Delegald. (Meanifering) The Provincial Lady Goes Further. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan;

Tiger Bayon. By Nevil Henshaw. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.) A Few People. By M. L. Haskins. (Crayson; 7s. 6d.)
Fugitive Morning. By Leslie A. Paul. (Denis Archer; 7s. 6d.)
The Castleford Conundrum. By J. J. Connington. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) love of Julia Conybeare, Herrick's exquisite and fragile pupil, for Cleveland, her Cambridge tutor, runs like a scarlet thread through the third section of Miss Macaulay's long, enchanting story. Alas! the thread was untimely cut. Cleveland was not worthy of the delicious blue-stocking; he had no respect for her tender years or her platonic affection. "They were defeated," both he and she, as were all the characters in the story who hoped for peace. It has been the fashion lately to write the dialogue of historical novels in the colloquial idiom—often the slang—of to-day. Miss Macaulay, on the other hand, makes her conversations the vehicle of her scholarship; her book is crowded with odd, archaic words. Yet, as she uses them, they come to life. Sometimes the speeches seem over-long; they never seem pedantic. love of Julia Conybeare, Herrick's exquisite and fragile



AEROPLANE WITHOUT WINGS, ELEVATORS, OR AILERONS—THE NTROL'' AUTOGIRO: MR. DE LA CIERVA LANDING WITH THE TAI HIS MACHINE TOUCHING GROUND FIRST—THE REST OF THE HE TAIL WHEEL THEN SINKING SLOWLY TO EARTH.



CONTROL OBTAINED DIRECT FROM THE ROTOR ITSELF—NOT BY THE USE OF ELEVATORS OR AILERONS: A PHOTOGRAPHIC DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE CIERVA AUTOGIRO.

TRATING THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE CIERVA AUTOGIRO.

The latest development in the Cierva Autogiro, known as "Direct Control," is so named because control is obtained direct from the rotor itself and not by the use of elevators or ailerons. The fixed wing, the elevators, and the ailerons of the ordinary type Autogiro have been eliminated: the small stabiliser tail is the only horizontal surface on the machine, and this is not used in any way for control. The controls in the cockpit are of the ordinary type—that is to say, joystick and rudder-bar, an ordinary rudder being fitted as standard. To control the machine, it is only necessary for the pilot to move the joystick in the required direction, and this, in turn, moves the rotor blades about either the longitudinal or transverse axis in the appropriate direction. When tilted, the rotors, being stabilised in themselves, produce the necessary forces to bring the body of the machine into position for either banking, climbing, or diving, thus acting in a similar manner to the ailerons and elevators on the ordinary type craft. It is claimed for this type of Autogiro that it is an improvement in every direction on the previous Autogiros.—[Photographs by "Flight."]

"They Were Defeated" is an admirable novel and a

"They Were Defeated" is an admirable novel and a luminous interpretation of the period with which it deals. I seem condemned to praise, for I can find little to say in adverse criticism of "Belinda Grove." Belinda Grove was a house in the north-west of London, built in the year of Waterloo, burnt (while in process of demolition) in this year of grace 1932. On the whole, the house, like its neighbourhood, had gone steadily downhill. It was built for a not very reputable but still a picturesque purpose: to house Lord Alciston's mistress. Here he made love and played cards—not very honestly. One of his guests discovered this and pointed it out: he paid for his temerity with his life, and throughout all the manifold changes that befell it, his ghost walked the terrace of Belinda Grove. The ghost is, I think, the least successful

character in the story. The others (Belinda Grove changed hands frequently) are excellently drawn. Miss Ashton deserves the warmest congratulations on her new novel; it seems as though she could not write an indifferent book. "Mary Dallon" is like no novel I can think of. It is fantastic, romantic, picaresque, yet these qualities are so little insisted upon that at times we appear to be reading a sober record of actual experience. Common sense tells us that very few people in England earn their livelihood going from village to village with a performing bear, and very few servant-girls have such romantic histories as had Mary Dallon. But, as one reads Mr. Asquith's charmed pages, incredulity is silenced: if it did not happen this way, this is the way we should like it to have happened. The beauty of the English country-side shines unobtrusively through "Mary Dallon"; the dialogue is spontaneous, the incidents unexpected. The love scenes are full of glamour and gaiety and tenderness. It is a delightful book.

"Public Faces" is a satire on the method—or lack of method—with which diplomacy is conducted—or may be conducted—in the year 1939. None of the great powers knows in the least how to deal with the crisis arising out of the concession in Persia: with malicious glee, Mr. Harold Nicolson traces the series of blunders through which, strangely enough, a world war is averted. The owners of the public faces have private lives, into which we get many an entertaining glimpse; for Mr. Nicolson has a pleasant wit and does not spare his characters. Perhaps he pulls them to pieces too much; we begin to feel we should like to take over the reins of Government ourselves—which would surely be a mistake.

"Wanton Boys," too, might be criticised on the grounds that it has more wit than story. Mr. Richard Oke adopts the now-familiar plan of collecting together a number of people in a house-party and seeing how they get on. Nearly all Mrs. MacKansas's guests at the villa in Corsica had this in common: they were writers, or the s

No one can be more gloomy than Miss Delafield when she tries; no one more amusing. "The Provincial Lady Goes Further" belongs to the second category of her stories; it is an excellent entertainment. If we except two expeditions abroad, the daily round, the common task, furnishes her with most of her material. Though she has now become a literary luminary, the cares of family life, the demands of social intercourse, weigh almost as heavily as ever on the Provincial Lady: she goes further and perhaps we may say she fares better: but still, not well. But her tribulations, and the spirit of self-criticism in which she faces them, are a joy to the reader.

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Almost anything, I suppose, might
happen in Louisiana; yet I feel that the
events recorded in "Tiger Bayon"
hardly could have. In all the annals
of revenge, there can be none stranger
than that adopted by the sinister Gar,
a cripple who hated the very men who
had saved his life. All the same, I
found Mr. Henshaw's story tremendously
exciting. If ever I go to Louisiana, I
shall stick to the beaten track, and,
above all, never venture near an apiary.

Miss Haskins writes in a somewhat
old-fashioned style; the child, David,
who acts as good angel to his "Nuncle
Piminy," blinded in the war, seems to
come out of a Victorian novel. Some
may think him too bright and good
for this disillusioned century, and others
may find themselves held up by the
West-country dialect, reproduced with
phonetic exactitude, of Sam and Mabel.
But the main situations are firmly and
capably handled. "A Few People"
is a book worth reading for the solid
merits which underlie its sometimes
rather florid surface.
adolescence are frequently dismal, and
ag" is not altogether an exception. Jim

Novels about adolescence are frequently dismal, and "Fugitive Morning" is not altogether an exception. Jim Penton's boyhood was spent in a suburb of South London. He had plenty of friends, several of whom came to sad, or bad, ends. He himself was cheerful and intelligent, curious about other facts as well as those of sex. Mr. Paul describes his adventures, in life and in love, with frankness, but without the "stark realism" one rather expects in this class of fiction. "Fugitive Morning" is, perhaps, more interesting as a social document than as a novel; in any case, it is an earnest and sincere piece of work.

"The Castleford Conundrum" would have been more baffling had there been more suspects, but it is an ingenious tale and a worthy successor to Mr. Connington's admirable detective story, "The Sweepstake Murders."

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE GREAT HURRICANE IN CUBA: REMAINS OF SANTA CRUZ DEL SUR, DESTROYED BY CYCLONE AND TIDAL WAVE, WITH A REPORTED LOSS OF OVER 2000 LIVES.

A terrific hurricane swept over parts of Cuba on November 9, after having caused great havoc in the Cayman Islands (near Jamaica), where sixty-seven people were killed. In Cuba the place that suffered most was the town of Santa Cruz del Sur, which was completely destroyed by a 25-ft. tidal wave that accompanied the cyclone. It was reported that over 2000 persons perished there and in the surrounding district, whole families being drowned, as well as all the civic



THE MILITARY FUNERAL OF MME, STALIN IN MOSCOW: THE PROCESSION PASSING

FROM RED SQUARE TO THE NEW VIRGIN MONASTERY.

As noted in our last issue, when we gave a portrait of her, Mme. Stalin, the wife of the "Dictator" of Russia, died recently, it was reported, from appendicitis. Little was known of her, as she and her husband lived in almost oriental seclusion. She was M. Stalin's second wife, and was married to him only a few years ago. She was a Georgian, like her husband. At her funeral, M. Stalin and other members of the Government walked behind the red hearse.



AN OLD RAILWAY BRIDGE REPLACED BY A NEW ONE DURING A SINGLE NIGHT:

THE CLIMAX OF AN ENGINEERING FEAT IN NORTH LONDON.

On the night of November 19 the old 120-ton bridge that carried the L.M.S. railway over Edgware Road at Cricklewood was rolled bodily out of position and replaced by a new 180-ton structure. The old bridge was jacked up on to roller bearings, running on grooved rails, and was then removed (as shown above); whereupon the new bridge, assembled on steel trestles, was rolled into position and secured, so that trains could cross it next morning.



EVIDENCE OF THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE RECENT HURRICANE IN CUBA:
TWISTED DÉBRIS OF WRECKED BUILDINGS IN CAMAGUEY.

officials and all the members of the rural guard. Aeroplane observers described the effects of the cyclone as suggesting the passage of a huge steam-roller across the Island along the whole track of the storm. Immense damage was done to crops and plantations, and thousands of families were rendered destitute. In Camaguey City over 200 houses were destroyed and many others damaged. In some places the wind carried railway-trucks 1000 yards.



SILVER FOXES BEING JUDGED AT AN EXHIBITION IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL AT ISLINGTON: A GROUP SAID TO BE WORTH, IN ALL, OVER £15,000.

The seventh annual show of the Silver Fox Breeders' Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland was opened recently in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were 256 entries—50 more than last year. Registration certificates, describing pedigree, tattoo marks, and colour, are issued, and there is an annual inspection of young stock. The industry was introduced about twelve years ago. There were then about ten breeders in Great Britain; now there are over 150.



THE PIETÀ WHICH WON THE GLEICHEN PRIZE: MISS HELENA MACKAY'S EXHIBIT,

"I AM THE WAY," WITH WHICH SHE WON FOR THE SECOND TIME.

Miss Helena Mackay, who last year won the first prize in the Feodora Gleichen Memorial Fund with her "Group for a Sunk Garden Pond," repeated her success this year with the sculpture illustrated here. The judging committee, of which Sir William Goscombe-John was chairman, halled the work as a remarkable achievement, and one that could not be too highly praised. Its unusual dignity and beauty of line were much admired.

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#### DIVERSITY OF CREATURES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

#### "NONSUCH: LAND OF WATER." By WILLIAM BEEBE.\*

PUBLISHED BY PUTNAMS.) (SEE COLOUR PAGES IN-THIS ISSUE.)

THIS is the first of a projected series of five monographs concerned principally with the marine life of Nonsuch, Bermuda. The author is Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, and his researches have been made possible by the benefaction



FLYING-FISH EGGS WHICH DR. BEEBE WAS ABLE TO COLLECT IN THE OCEAN OFF BERMUDA, AND TO WATCH AS THEY REACHED MATURITY AND FINALLY HATCHED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING EGGS READY TO HATCH, AND ONE NEWLY HATCHED FISH.

of Mr. Harrison Williams and the late Mr. Mortimer L.

FINALLY HATCHED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING EGGS READY TO HATCH, AND ONE NEWLY HATCHED FISH.

of Mr. Harrison Williams and the late Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff. Dr. Beebe has already been extraordinarily versatile in the investigation and the description of scientific phenomena. As his publishers tell us: "For more than twenty years he has followed the trail of scientific exploration into jungles, across deserts, and to the bottom of the seas. He has consorted with sea-lions on the shores of Galapagos, he has stalked the elusive Sargasso Sea, has been threatened by head-hunting Dyaks, studied rare creatures and tropical tangles of orchids and ferns in South America, dropped to dangerous depths in a diving-bell into the waters of Bermuda, and taken priceless pictures as he walked on the ocean's floor." On sea and land in Bermuda he has found abundant opportunities for his insatiable curiosity into the marvels of birth, life, and death. Even to Shakespeare the "still-vext Bermoothes" were a fabled wonderland: when we read Dr. Beebe's account of a half-hurricane on Nonsuch, we realise that Shakespeare's epithet, if exaggerated, was not wholly inapt; but we are also made to feel throughout these pages that none of the essential magic has declined since days when the Bermoothes were a faery land forlorn.

The naturalist is more than a mere investigator. If he has any real gusto in his vocation, he is essentially a romantic. The tireless processes, the illimitable varieties, of life, and the miraculously ingenious interdependence of living creatures, furnish him perpetually not only with his dry "data," but with constant thrills and adventures. There is something of religion as well as of science in his approach to the endless surprises of nature. Throughout Dr. Beebe's writing, pleonastic and involved though it often is in point of form, we feel the pulsation of what he calls "a sense of absolute intimacy with the universe." We experience what is nowadays called, perhaps inadequately, "timelessness," as we stand with this obse

\* "Nonsuch: Land of Water." By William Beebe, Sc.D., Ll.D., Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. With fifty-five Illustrations. Published under the Auspices of the New York Zoological Society. (Putnams: London and New York; 21s.)

upon the face and in the depths of the waters and entered upon the tremendous adventure of dry land. Only an eye as highly trained as this can see every created thing in its true place in the whole pageant of life; and, viewed in this perspective, the pageant itself is as overwhelming as the pageant of the sky. "I can find no words adequately to tell what this shift of creatures means to me, but it has something in it of the deep significance of evolution, of the impersonal, inevitable rhythm of the inorganic, compared with the malleable adaptiveness of organic life. The point is wholly lost unless the entire phenomenon is considered simultaneously—fish-crab-fly-sparrow-lizard-man-sand-rocks-water-air-moon; then we have it for a moment. It is almost immediately lost again, and our restless weakling minds reassume their myopic casualness, and we see only a fish, a wave, a bird or a beach." Dr. Beebe's mind seldom suffers from "myopic casualness," and he regards all nature not only with the seeing but with the benevolent eye. He even finds beauty in the inside of a shark, and, though we envy him this capacity, we are glad that he refrained from the attempt to convey its charms, in detail, to those who are of more limited vision.

Benevolence, or at all events neutrality, is necessary, for it is needless to remark that here, as in all zoological studies, we find the implacable feud of kind with kind, and that prodigality of nature, the spendthrift, which, in

an are zoological studies, we find the implacable feud of kind with kind, and that prodigality of nature, the spendthrift, which, in our cynical moments, makes life seem a cheap and trivial thing. Apart from the extravagant proliferation of creatures, we read of wholesale race-suicide—of migrating wrens, ninety per cent. of which perish, "their little bodies devoured by hawk or owl, dashed against the glass of lighthouses, or drowned in the spray of the open ocean"; of gorgeous butterflies, "without an instant of hesitation, passing out over the line of breakers, beyond the emerald shallows, to disappear on the horizon between sky and deep sea—not one ever to return"; on the horizon between sky and deep sea—not one ever to return"; of Scandinavian lemmings which march on irresistibly to mass-suicide in the ocean, in obedience to some inscrutable instinct. Doom is as ingenious as it is inescapable. The flounder, periscope-eyed for the purpose, marks down a little wrasse and engulfs it by suction of such velocity that no human eye can follow it; and with the same bullet speed the sea-horse sucks down a fish-egg from a distance. The transience of life has no relation to the complexity of its design. Of the jelly-fish Dr. Beebe writes: "We see one of these beautiful creatures throbbing slowly through the water—a round transparent or translucent sun, with disc, vein-like channels, tentacles,

life. A single blue shark may illustrate the indomitable determination of nature to perpetuate itself. "Here was at last the tale of the catch—not a single shark, but the pair of pilots which got away, a sucking-fish, fifty-two strange little crustaceans, and fifty-one embryo sharks—a goodly collection of one hundred and six individual animals. My great blue shark was less a fish than a mother, an aquarium and a zoological garden combined." The strangest birth-story is that of the sea-horse, for in this species the male becomes the depository of the fertilised eggs and goes through the same processes of gestation and parturition as the female of other species, bringing young sea-horses to birth in whole herds.

Botany, geology, and ornithology all have a rôle of great interest in this volume, as well as the main theme of ichthyology, and together they present a drama of singular fascination. Perhaps the most remarkable of the author's investigations are those which he has conducted under water. His name has been associated recently with experiments in the bathysphere, but for many years he and his colleagues have been accustomed to a less elaborate



NEST OF FOUR-WINGED FLYING-FISH, WITH THE EGGS "CAMOUFLAGED" TO LOOK LIKE SARGASSUM BERRIES: A FLOATING MASS OF WEED, BOUND TOGETHER BY SILKEN THREADS.

In the book reviewed on this page, Dr. Beebe has a passage in which he describes the ingenious methods of camouflage adopted by different sorts of young flying-fish. He also tells how he chased adult flying-fish with a net in an outboard motor-boat, and even shot them with a '22 shot-gun!

Photographs reproduced from "Nonsuch: Land of Water," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Putnams.

method of searching the depths. The apparatus is simply (if the adverb is not incongruous) "a double-action pump, a forty-foot metal ladder, two generous lengths of hose, and the metal helmet with four weights, which I have used for years in the Galapagos and West Indies." Thus equipped, Dr. Beebe discovered "Almost Island."—a piece of land which, regrettably, just fails to rise above the waters. Regrettably? Perhaps not, since it provides the occasion for Dr. Beebe to act as our submarine guide. This is a part of Almost Island, as he observes it from behind his window: "The reef-cliffs are sandstone, etched and worn into arches, turrets, alleys, tunnels, wells, canyons and a thousand unnameable forms, by the wind and rain of some past glacial age when all were high and dry. This is overlaid and frescoed with great balls of brain coral, and hung and planted with rainbow-tinted seaweed and purple and brown sea-fans and plumes. In and out of the tangled scenery swim hosts of fish, great parti-coloured parrots, surgeons of heavenly blue, angelfish, groupers, rockfish, snappers, agile wrasse of a hundred colours, and small folk by the dozen." In these surroundings a strange fish-of-prey catches his victims, for the benefit of science, by trident, by arrows, and by dynamite cap. But are there not other fish-of-prey who make this form of sea-bathing somewhat hazardous? They are ignored. "So far, I have been attacked only by inchling demoiselles, when I have perched too near their chosen domicile, although sergeantmajors now and then harmlessly nip at ankle or elbow. I shall write nothing in detail about so-called maneaters and others; suffice it to say that I and my associates go down month after month, scores of times, and are too much enthralled by the interest and beauty and never-ending strangeness of it all to give a thought to possible dangers."

We find it hard to say whether this writer is more entertaining on the earth or in the waters under the earth, but in both domains he is a privileged denizen who is re



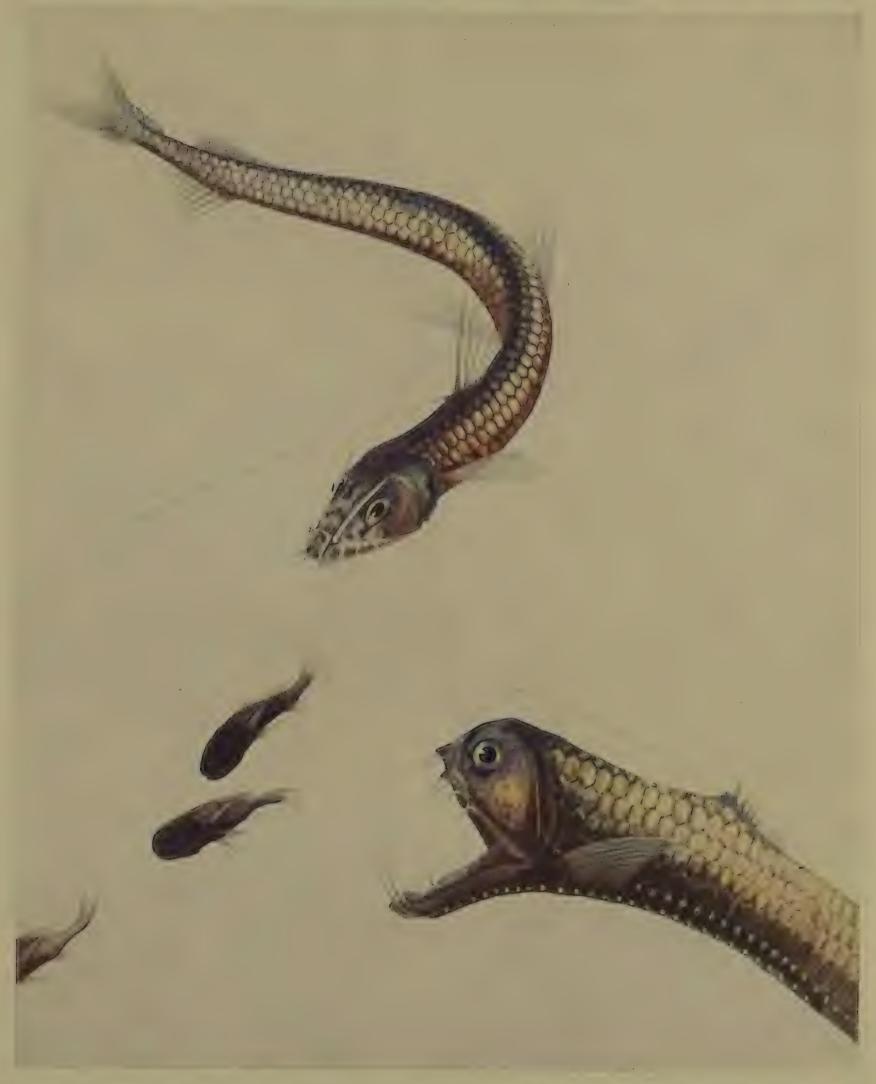
A SHARK-SUCKER CLINGING TO THE BREAST OF A SHARK: THE SHA CONSTANT COMPANION, WHICH SLITHERS UP AND AROUND, BACKWARD FORWARD, OVER ALL ITS HOST'S BODY. THE SHARK'S

poison darts, eye-spots, nerves, mouth, stomach, eggs—every mechanism of life, and an hour later a thin, glairy, glistening film on the sand is all that is left."

Yet, if Exodus is universal and unceasing, Genesis is multifarious and triumphant. Dr. Beebe has been midwife to countless millions of creatures, in greater variety of species than can be here described. Perils, disasters, cataclysms, pitiless warfare, and waste beyond calculation make no impression in the long run on the persistence of

#### Gladiators of the Deep-Obedient to the Law "Eat or Be Eaten."

PAINTING BY E. BOSTELMANN; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF DR. WILLIAM BEFRE



SABRE-TOOTHED DRAGON-FISH (CHAULIODUS SLOANEI); EQUIPPED WITH LONG FEELERS, EXCELLENT EYES, SCORES OF BRILLIANT LIGHTS, AND NEEDLE-SHARP FANGS: DWELLERS IN THE INKY OCEAN DEPTHS, WHERE LIVE THE MOST EFFICIENT "DEVOURING-MACHINES."

Our readers will recall the recent occasion (illustrated by us at the time) on which Dr. William Beebe broadcast from under the sea. Listeners-in throughout the U.S.A. heard him describing his experiences as he was lowered into the ocean in his "Bathysphere." He was submerged to below 2200 ft. off Nonsuch Island, Bermuda—the greatest depth ever reached by man. We depicted previous kindred descents in the "Bathysphere," in a series of remarkable photographs, in April 1931. Here and on the following pages we show, in colour, some of the strange

creatures which Dr. Beebe's expedition brought to the surface from the depths off Bermuda. Dr. Beebe's book, "Nonsuch, Land of Water," which has just been published, is reviewed on another page of this issue. There is not room here to do more than hint at the extraordinary forms of life found by Dr. Beebe. Had we come across the records of them in some old manuscript, we should undoubtedly put it all down as travellers' tales; yet we find these nightmare creatures described by Dr. Beebe in sober, scientific fact.

#### Plankton from the Deep: Minute Creatures, Fantastic of Form.

PAINTING BY E. BOSTELMANN; REPRODUCTE BY COURTESY OF DR. WILLIAM BEFBE.



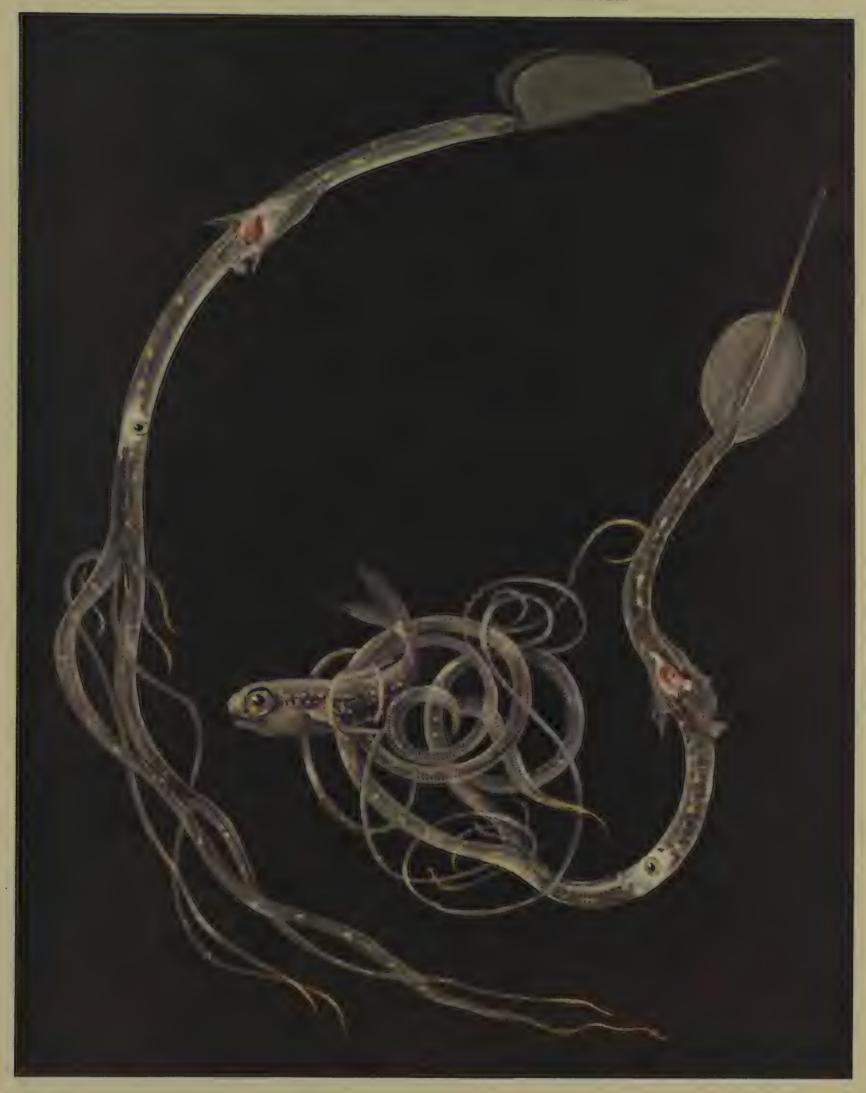
By way of description of the coloured reproductions on these pages, we cannot do better than quote from an article written by Dr. Beebe in the American "National Geographic Magazine," in which a number of illustrations of his activities off Bermuda appeared earlier in this year. "It is difficult vividly to picture the conditions a mile beneath the surface," he writes—"darkness so intense, so absolute, that our blackest midnights in comparison are alight; silence, and almost complete cessation of movement; cold, which lies somewhere between the freezing points of salt and fresh water, and an all-encompassing pressure of a ton on each square inch. inch. . . . Darkness, however, has worked magic, and in this respect there seems

#### PLANKTON; INCLUDING A SPECIMEN OF MEGALOPS: FRAIL-LOOKING CREATURES WHICH SUSTAIN A PRESSURE OF NEARLY A TON TO THE SQUARE INCH!

to be a choice of two courses open to creatures entering these portals of eternal obscurity: they may become Feelers and develop long, attenuated tentacles, their fins fraying out like waving streamers, which radiate a material aura of sensitive tentacles. tiveness. . . On the other hand, as the fish and shrimps and squids enter the lightless zone, they may become *Peerers* and *Lantern-bearers*. . . Somehow or other, in the case of the fish which do not feel their way, but eternally peer and peer, using the last failing rays of strained sunlight—in their case, Nature comes to their aid, and provides illumination from their own bodies. Great sheets of light are fashioned on certain areas, flares which doubtless attract edible organisms as a [Continued opposite.

#### "Devouring Machines" of the Deep: Preyers—and Preyed Upon.

PAINTING BY E. BOSTELMANN; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF DR. WILLIAM BEEBE.



SLENDER SQUIDS AND THEIR QUARRY: THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE WATERY ABYSS OFF NONSUCH ISLAND, BERMUDA.

candle draws fluttering moths. . . . Then we find flashing make-and-break search-lights on cheeks and tentacles, on tails and foreheads, which very likely are of inestimable value in signalling and answering in the all-important search for mates. . . . Below the last blue-blackness of vertical twilight, the fish and other hungry creatures can hope for no more diatoms or other vegetable food; beneath this point life may be summed up in two phrases, Je mange and Je suis mangé. Perhaps the most exciting thing about the life of our . . . trawling area is that it is a suspended life—that is, the inhabitants have nothing to hang on to or to sit down upon. While the pressure is very great, yet it is

the same upward, downward, sideways, and from within out, so that every particle of organic matter heavier than water has gravitation to contend with, as well as the lack of a comfortable resting-place. . . .'' Of the unpleasant-looking squids which are seen illustrated here, on the right hand-page, Dr. Beebe writes: In net Number 724, I found two squids—the first an elongated, slender arrow of an animal, with eyes of blazing brilliance set close to the body shaft, one end of this a snarl of unbelievably long tentacles—two large, two small, and the remainder very short. It was quite lively, and revived still more in the ice-box.''



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# THE FIRST HORNED CHAMELEONS BORN IN THE "ZOO": A "DINOSAURIAN" FAMILY OF NINETEEN.



THREE OF THE NINETEEN HORNED CHAMELEONS BORN AT THE "ZOO"—ALIVE, NOT FROM EGGS: THE YOUNGSTERS WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT A WEEK OLD; SHOWING LITTLE TRACE OF THE HORNS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ADULT.



THE PARENTS OF THE NINETEEN (C. IACKSONII): THE SHORT-HORNED MOTHER AND THE LONG-HORNED FATHER—THE LATTER, MORE ESPECIALLY, SUGGESTING THE GIANT DINOSAUR TRICERATOPS.

It is most unusual for any kind of chameleon to breed in captivity. Hence, most pardonable excitement at the "Zoo" recently, when, for the first time in the history of that institution, a horned chameleon of Kenya—a creature superficially resembling the giant dinosaur Triceratops—presented her husband with a family of nineteen. Further interest was added, as the "Telegraph" pointed out, by the fact that the horned chameleon produces its family alive, while the majority of known species lay eggs. In this connection, we include in our page a photograph of the pigmy chameleon, C. pumilus, of the Cape, which also



LIKE THE HORNED CHAMELEON, A SPECIES THAT PRODUCES ITS YOUNG ALIVE AND THUS BELONGS TO A VERY LIMITED COMPANY: A PIGMY CHAMELEON FROM THE CAPE; WITH TWO YOUNG.



ONE OF THE NINETEEN YOUNGSTERS TAKEN FOR A RIDE: A FORTUITOUS HAPPENING, AS NEITHER PARENT TAKES NOTICE OF ITS YOUNG—EXCEPT TO KNOCK THEM OFF THE TWIG.



THE FATHER CHAMELEON: A PHOTOGRAPH EMPHASISING THE EXTRAORDINARY HORNS DEVELOPED BY THE MALES OF THE SPECIES, CAUSING THEM TO SUGGEST SUPERFICIALLY THE GIANT DINOSAUR TRICERATOPS,

produces its young alive, and so belongs to a very limited company. As to the youngsters at the "Zoo". (C. jacksonii), these are miniatures of their parents, save that there is only the slightest trace of the horns characteristic of the breed, which are particularly large in the case of the male. Again to quote the "Telegraph": "The infants, like their parents, live in low gear, save as regards their tongues. These equal their wearers in length, and can be shot forth with incredible rapidity. An insect once in contact with the adhesive tip vanishes from sight for ever."

#### FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE U.S. PRESIDENT-ELECT DURING THE ELECTION: MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (WAVING HAT), WITH HIS WIFE AND ONE OF HIS SONS, AMID A JUBILANT CROWD AT HYDE PARK, NEW YORK STATE.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT READING A CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAM FROM HIS OPPONENT, PRESIDENT HOOVER: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. JAMES A. FARLEY, MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, MRS. ROOSEVELT, AND MR. JAMES ROOSEVELT (A SON).



ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK: A VAST CROWD IN TIMES SQUARE CHEERING WILDLY AS THEY WATCH THE RESULTS BEING FLASHED ON A BULLETIN BOARD (NOT VISIBLE IN THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH).

Franklin D. Roosevelt, President-Elect of the United States, heard the election results at his eat Hyde Park, New York State. The top photograph shows him, just after recording his vote there, waving to an enthusiastic crowd in front of the Town Hall, before he left for New c. In the next photograph he is seen seated in the Democratic headquarters at the Biltmore el, Nsw York, reading the telegram from his Republican opponent, President Hoover, which is "I congratulate you on the opportunity which has come to you to be of service to the thry, and I wish you a most successful administration. In the common purpose of all of us, all dedicate myself to every possible helpful effort." Mr. Roosevelt at once sent the following y: "I am deeply appreciative." In the third illustration the New York crowd is seen looking ards the bulletin board, on which the election results were being flashed. The board, of course, is not visible, as the photograph was taken from that point of view.

THE "MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE RAMSEY SILVER-GILT CENSER.

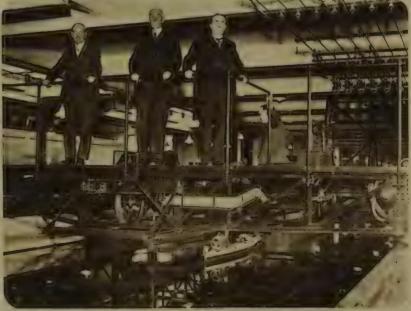
SILVER-GILT CENSER.

The Ramsey Abbey Censer (midfourteenth century) is the only example in silver-gilt of English workmanship which has come down from the Middle Ages. It was discovered in 1850 during the draining of Whittlessa Mere, Huntingdonshire, with an incense-boat. At each end of the incense-boat is a ram rising from waves, clearly a rebus for the name Ramsey and may indicate that the whole find was once the property of the neighbouring Abbey of Ramsey.





RD WOOLAVINGTON'S GIFT TO THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH: CAP-LONGSTAFF'S "AUSTRALIAN ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION AT PERONNE. Australia House, on November 18, Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Australian Minister in Loneived the above picture, painted by the Australian artist, Captain Will Longstaff iff from Lord Woolavington to the Australian Commonwealth Government. Owing ess. Lord Woolavington was unable to attend, and Mr. W. Harrison made sentation on his behalf. Mr. Bruce recalled that the picture shows "one of glorious episodes of the War—the capture of Peronne and Mont St. Quentin."



NEW FACILITIES FOR RESEARCH IN SHIP DESIGN: MR. BALDWIN (RIGHT) OPENING THE NEW TANK OF THE WILLIAM FROUDE LABORATORY, TEDDINGTON.

On November 18 Mr. Stanley Baldwin, as Minister responsible for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, officially opened the new Froude Tank, built at an estimated cost of £45,000, for shipbuilding research, at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. William Froude was the first to solve practical problems of ship design by experiments on models; and many of the great advances in recent shipbuilding science have only been rendered possible by that method. Our photograph shows a model below the platform.

#### PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.





MISS CATHERINE DODD.

Died Nov. 13. Well known for her educational work both at home and abroad. Principal of Cherwell Hall, Oxford (training college for secondary teachers).



MAJOR-GENERAL A B. E. CATOR. nanding London District. Died out hunting on November 18; fifty-five. Served with the Scots is in South Africa and France, eding to command of the 2nd Battalion in 1915.



HERR HITLER'S CONVERSATIONS WITH PRESIDENT HINDENBURG: THE NAZI LEADER LEAVING THE PALACE, GREETED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD.



THE CAPE - TO - ENGLAND FLIGHT: MR. VICTOR

SMITH IN HIS MACHINE.

It was announced after some days that Mr. Victor Smith, the nineteen-year-old South African airman who had been missing, was safe and was continuing his flight from Cape Town to Croydon. His presence was reported from Gao (French Sahara).



SIR ARNOLD THORNELY, F.R.I.B.A

Architect of the new Parliament buildings in Northern Ireland. Knighted on November 16. Designer of many prominent buildings in Liverpool, including the head offices of the Mersey Docks and the Harbour Board.



HERR HITLER AND CAPT, COERING LEAVING THE KAISERHOF HOTEL TO VISIT PRESIDENT HINDENBURG. Herr Hitler visited President von Hindenburg for the second time on November 21, and continued his conversation of the previous Saturday, after he had had some opportunity of sounding the views of other parties. He explained that his party could co-operate only in a Government headed by himself. Thereupon, the President requested him to find out whether a Government headed by him could find a secure and effective majority in the Reichstag.



ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE DELEGATES ARRIVE IN LONDON: THE BEGUM SHAH NAWAZ, THE ONLY WOMAN DELEGATE; WITH COL. NAWAB SIR UMAN HAYAT KHAN (LEFT).

A number of delegates to the Third Round-Table Conference arrived in London on November 19.

They were most at Dover by Mr. F. A. M. Vincent. Among them was the Begum Shah Nawaz, the only woman member of all three sessions of the Conference. She stated that she hoped to help to do great things for India. Conditions, she held, were improving, but there was need for much further advance.



YEHUDI MENUHIN IN LONDON: THE GREAT VIOLINIST WITH SIR EDWARD ELGAR (LEFT) AND SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, AT A RECEPTION HELD IN HIS HONOUR.

Some ten thousand people assembled to hear Yehudi Menuhin play on November 20 at the Albert Hall. He gave an exquisite rendering of three concertos, crowned at the end with a performance of Bach's Adagio and Fugue in G Minor. Sir Thomas Beecham led the orchestra. After the interval an Elgar concerto was played, with Elgar conducting. In this Menuhin was described as "revelling in difficulties that would appal the ordinary soloist."



#### The Morld of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



#### TWO GIFTED PESSIMISTS: A. A. MILNE AND SOMERSET MAUGHAM.—SACHA GUITRY'S VISIT.

TWO of our foremost playwrights—Mr. W. Somerset Maugham and Mr. A. A. Milne—have given us the fruit of their contemplation of two paramount actualities. Mr. Maugham has expressed himself in bitter plaint; Mr. Milne in lighter, satirical vein, with a dramatic touch at the end. In both cases the keynote is—frustration. Frustration, the fate of the post-war generation;

for both parties—in death on the one side, in rue on the other. Later on I shall have an opportunity to speak at greater length about the actors, but one performance should and will be remembered above all, and that is the

should and will be remembered above all, and that is the figure of Tilling, the simple little clerk who, after the day's toil, laboriously penned novels in his admiring family circle which surely no publisher would accept. That character of gentle tolerance and sincerity is played by Mr. Lawrence Hanray in his inimitable, human way. With the lawyer's clerk in "Justice," and the magistrate in "The Silver Box," this portrayal forms a trilogy of characterisation superb in characterisation superb in conception and elaboration. It has—at length raised Mr. Hanray to the front rank of English

the opinion, expressed next day in many quarters, that this play is great, and, more specifically, that it represents a distinct picture of

distinct picture of the ctat d'âme of little people in a hinterland township. There is the blind ex-soldier, whose meanderings and worrying tyranny in the household are a post-war product; there is the sad fate of the naval commander who, incompetent in business, commits acts of indelicacy threatening him with imprisonment and driving him to suicide. These two are examples of that frustration which has been the lot of so many derelicts. Mr. Maugham draws them with pathos dipped in embitterment. But the other characters—the unquenched virgin driven to frenzy; the younger girl who, bored to extinction in the mustiness of her surroundings, flees to illicit freedom with the man who tempts her; the other sister who bears her bondage of marriage to a drunkard until she

the front rank of English actors, to which, by rights, but unrecognised, he has belonged for many years.

As regards Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, "For Services Rendered," I find myself in a somewhat

Rendered," I find myself in a somewhat difficult position. I am a deep admirer of Mr. Maugham. I value him as one of our very foremost novelists and playwrights. Yet on the first light I could not endorse

could not endorse

in countless provincial cities? Do they not belong to the same kind which, years before the war, the late Mr. Stanley Houghton depicted in "Hindle Wakes"?

Certainly Mr. Maugham, after opening with a static first act in which he merely draws a picture of the family, lets events take a more dramatic turn, and the deeper he goes into it, the more bitter becomes the pessimism inoculated in the characters. But even the great climax, the paroxysmal outburst of the eldest girl, who sees her last hope gone and envisages her perennial condemnation to spinsterhood, is not a post-war aftermath. True, the man she desired, the commander, commits suicide; but under all circumstances her fate would have been the same. She was one of those whom no man would have, who was destined to live unkissed and unwooed. True, in the third act, the scene of nature's revolt in the elderly girl's miserable existence created a deep impression; it was sprung upon us as a surprise; it was handled by the author with great dexterity. But, on reflection, was it the "explosion" that moved us so deeply, or was it the acting of Miss Flora Robson, who unsparingly poured out her wrath and her soul? When I recall this play in its details, I can but see a faint wraith of war-influence; but I cannot follow why it should be exalted above many others Mr. Maugham has written, and which, both in structure and penetration, were of greater dramatic value.

M. Sacha Guitry is always welcome in London. Here, M. Sacha Guitry is always welcome in London. Here, as elsewhere, he has thousands of admirers, in the eyes of many of whom the king can do no wrong. Yet, sharing the goodwill and the admiration, it cannot be denied that, this time, he is disappointing in three instances. First and foremost is the absence of a partner worthy of and amalgamating with his wonderful style of acting. Second, the plays which he has brought over, and which, all three,



"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY," THE SPRIGHTLY FARCE AT THE APOLLO: MRS. JELLIWELL (ISABEL JEANS) IS ANNOYED TO FIND HER CAVALIER, DEWLIP (RONALD SQUIRE), OFFERING FLOWERS TO MISS SMITH (JOAN BARRY).

Henry Dewlip, a rake, has an affair with Mrs. Jelliwell, his best friend's wife. Jelliwell himself, however, has fallen in love with his new secretary, Miss Smith. Miss Smith is a demure little thing who, in France, had "virtuously" murdered her husband.

are from his own pen, are not to be compared with such epoch-making works as "La Prise de Bergen op Zoom," "Mon Père Avait Raison," and "Mozart." When we see airy bubbles like "La Jalousie" and "La Pèlerine Écossaise," we can well understand that, at his age, Sacha has written eighty-three plays, and that a good many of them were conceived and completed in a week. They have no inner or dramatic value; they are a string of light and bright conversations held together by a mere souppon of a plot. When acted by Sacha and his well-drilled company they are highly diverting for the moment, but almost at once forgotten when the curtain falls. And this brings me to the third point, namely, the general inaudibility of the leader and his company. In "La Pèlerine," for instance, there was but one—an old actor—who articulated; in "La Jalousie" the atmosphere, was a little less misty, but whenever Sacha poured forth his strings of dialogue and sometimes monologue, we, seasoned French scholars one and all, at a short distance from the stage, battled with the vocal waves, now and then getting hold of a lifebuoy, but generally overwhelmed by the tide which left us with fragments of humorous sentences. It was all the greater pity because otherwise the finish of Sacha's acting is so superb.



"FOR SERVICES RENDERED," MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S POST-WAR TRAGEDY AT THE GLOBE: THE TRAGIC ARDSLEY FAMILY AND THEIR FRIENDS, WITH THE SELF-COMPLACENT FATHER POURING OUT TEA.

Leonard Ardsley (C. V. France) pours out tea, fatuously saying that none of his circle has "much to complain of," though (from 1. to r.) Ethel Bartlett (Diana Hamilton) is married to a sot; Dr. Prentice (David Hawthorne) knows that his sister Charlotte is dying; Charlotte Ardsley (Louise Hampton) has death to face; Howard Bartlett (W. Cronin-Wilson) has married above him; Eva (Flora Robson) is crazy; Sydney (Cedric Hardwicke) is blind; and Lois (Marjorie Mars) has decided to elope with a rich

death to face; Howard Bartlett (W. Cronn-Wilson) nas married man.

frustration, the outcome of the vain efforts of our young contemporaries to ameliorate "other people's lives" as a pastime fraught with disastrous consequences. Mr. Milne begins gaily enough. The first act is a masterly exposition and exposure of the bright young people of to-day who, having nothing to do 'twixt cocktail and dinner, or after a dance all too early finished, talk in their futile way about the world in general and themselves in particular, evolving from the general exchange of thought a novel mission for the benefit of their neighbours. These conversations are wonderfully brilliant. Mr. Milne has a wit all his own. He gathers his coruscating sayings seemingly from nowhere, and yet they not only hit home every time, but they prompt the wonderment whence they came, and how it is possible thus to fit from twig to branch with rarely a miss. It would seem that Mr. Milne has the inventive sort of mind that seeks humour in every direction, and lets go without worrying whether his public is quick enough in the uptake to relish its keenness. Candid playgoers would often answer a "Why did you laugh?" with "I don't know; it sounded funny and it seemed to fit in." Sure of his public, Mr. Milne amuses himself by watching the amusement he produces in others. Yet sometimes (I should say rarely) it leads him too far, and in his heedless canters he forgets the obstacles on his way, he forgets the dramatic conflict that he treated all too lightly.

Thus in "Other People's Lives," which are so banefully played with by their youthful would-be reformers, he makes us believe that a dignitary of the Church, bent on increasing the population of Canada, would barter a stalwart young girl's emigration (because she promises to be a bountiful wife) for the mother's operation by his half-brother, a distinguished surgeon. Such a pact is unthinkable, yet Mr. Milne handles it banteringly, and drowns its fateful significance in a welter of conversation, only cut s



"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY": JELLIWELL (NIGEL BRUCE) BEGINS A FLIRTATION WITH THE PRIM BUT ALLURING SECRETARY, MISS SMITH (JOAN BARRY).

seeks outlet in hysteria; the mother who falls a victim to fell disease; the father who vegetates in the house in blinded optimism—are they victims of the aftermath of war? Are they not representatives of the drab lives that eke out a cloistered, monotonous, hopeless existence

#### THE "OLD CROCKS" RUN.



THE OLDEST CAR IN THE "OLD CROCKS" RUN FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON: MR. PERRIN'S 1894 CONSTATT DAIMLER, WHICH HEADED THE VETERANS' PROCESSION.



THE SECOND OLDEST CAR IN THE RUN: CAPTAIN COLVER, WRAPPED IN A HEAVY FUR COAT AS OF OLD, DRIVING HIS ARNOLD MOTOR CARRIAGE, MADE IN 1896.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL IN THE LONDON TO BRIGHTON COMMEMORATION RUN: THE LAND SPEED RECORD-HOLDER DRIVING A 28-YEAR-OLD SUNBEAM.

The annual R.A.C. Commemoration Run for veteran cars was held on November 20, and som fine old cars were seen in the procession of sixty-four. The oldest of all was a Constatt Daimle built in 1894; and other cars of the 'nineties included an 1896 Arnold Motor Carriage, Léo Bollée cars of 1896 and 1897, two 1897 Benzes, and a Daimler, a Panhard, and an M.M.C. Do Cart of 1897. Sir Malcolm Campbell drove a 1904 Sunbeam—the latest, year of manufactum of any of the competing vehicles. Mr. Brian Lewis was in a 1901 Sunbeam Mabley with single-cylinder engine rated at 2½ horse-power. The first man home was Mr. Tom Thornycrof driving a Thornycroft car built in 1904. It is of interest to recall that the London-to-Brighto run was originated in 1896 to celebrate the emancipation of horseless vehicles from the lawhich limited their speed to two miles per hour and required them to be preceded by a ma with a red flag. The run was revived in 1927 and is now an annual event. Some of the cars that entered this year had taken part in the original rally thirty-six years ago; and the 1894 Daimler, had been in use for two years under the two-miles-per-hour speed limit.

#### THE ESCAPED CONVICTS.

Two convicts escaped from Dartmoor Prison on November 16 and at the time of writing were still free. They had then avoided recapture for six days. The names of the men are John Michael Gasken and Frederick Amey. At about 2.30 in the afternoon they made a sudden dash for the prison wall under cover of a thick patch of fog, and scaled it by means of a ladder which they had secured. An intensive search of the surrounding country was made by the police; bloodhounds were used on the men's trail, and a reconnoiting trip by aeroplane was undertaken by the Chief Constable of Devon. The discovery of footprints which might well have been made by the fugitives led the police to believe that the men had not succeeded ir getting clear of the county by car, but had remained in hiding in the district. If they had found some means of obtaining food this would not be impossible, since the district round Tavistock is thickly wooded even at this time of year, and there are numbers of disused tin



BLOODHOUNDS USED IN TRAILING THE TWO CONVICTS WHO ESCAPED FROM DARTMOOR PRISON: THE HOUNDS TAKING THE SCENT FROM NIGHT-CLOTHES WORN IN PRISON BY GASKEN AND AMEY.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE CONVICTS WHO ESCAPED ON NOVEMBER 16 AND WERE STILL AT LARGE AT THE TIME OF WRITING: A BLOODHOUND ON THE LEASH.



THE SEARCH FOR THE CONVICTS NEAR MORWELLHAM: OFFICIALS EXAMINING A GATE OVER WHICH THE ESCAPED MEN WERE BELIEVED TO HAVE CLIMBED TO ENTER A SMALL WOOD.

#### MRS. MOLLISON'S "SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT": A RECORD FLIGHT TO THE CAPE.



ROUTE FOLLOWED BY MRS. MOLLISON HER GREAT FLIGHT TO THE CAPE. MAP BY COURTESY OF THE "Daily Telegraph."

SHOWING PART OF ONE OF THE TWO 421-GALLON PETROL TANKS INSIDE THE



#### THE TWO FLIGHTS.

Mrs. Mollison's flight is compared with her husband's flight last March in the following table:

			Miles.		Miles.	
1st day	-	-	1100		1300	
2nd day	-	-	1400		375	
3rd day		-	1100	-	935	
4th day		•	1400	•	1850	
5th day	•		1300		1795	
. dame ( )						

Mr. Mollison's time broke the previous record of 5 days, 8 hours, 37 minutes set up by Miss Peggy Salaman and Mr. Gordon Store, whose route, however, was different, being by way of Athens, Cairo, Juba, Entebbe, Kimberley, and Cape Town.



THE MACHINE IN WHICH MRS. MOLLISON ACCOMPLISHED THE GREAT FLIGHT TO THE CAPE WITHIN 4 DAYS AND 7 HOURS: HER STANDARD PUSS MOTH CABIN AEROPLANE,
"THE DESERT CLOUD," WITH A GIPSY MAJOR ENGINE.



ENAMINING THE GIPSY MAJOR ENGINE THAT MADE HER GREAT ACHIEVEMENT POSSIBLE: MRS. MOLLISON STANDING BESIDE HER PUSS MOTH CABIN AEROPLANE, "THE DESERT CLOUD," BEFORE THE FLIGHT.

AND WIFE IN FRIENDLY RIVALRY FOR AIR RECORDS : MR. AND MRS. J. A. MOLLISON (THE LATTER CARRYING HELMET AND MAPS) AT STAG LANE AERODROME BEFORE SHE LEFT FOR LYMPNE,

HUSBAND



Mrs. J. A. Mollison (formerly Miss Amy Johnson) recently added to her wonderful flying feats by completing a solo flight from England to the Cape (6300 miles) in 4 days, 6 hours, 53 minutes, thus beating by about 10½ hours the previous record set up by her husband, Mr. J. A. Mollison, last March. Leaving Lympne on the morning of Monday, November 14, she reached Cape Town about 1.30 p.m. (Greenwich time) on Friday, November 18. She flew almost continuously by night as well as by day, and had altogether only five hours' sleep, in three snatches,

during the journey. But for one delay of nine hours, through a minor mishap, she would probably have brought her time within four days. As it was, she managed to keep closely to the stages pre-arranged. At Cape Town she received a message from the King, saying: "I congratulate you on your splendid achievement." It was reported later that she would make a return flight. Mr. Mollison suggested joining her at the Cape, and starting together for England, in separate machines, in December; but this idea was abandoned. She alone will fly.

#### NELSON-AND EMMA LADY HAMILTON-RELICS FOR SALE BY AUCTION.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER AND OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS, THE AUCTIONEERS.



1. A brooch, with a lock of hair, given by Nelson to Emma Lady Hamilton; inscribed "E. L. H. from H. N. 1801." 2. An English silver watch with its dial enamelled with a naval battle scene; presented to Nelson by Admiral Cuddy Collingwood and engraved "H. N. from C. C. 1800." 3. A Chinese embroidered silk purse given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton and worked with the initials "E. H. from H. N." 4. An English silver watch whose inner case is engraved "Presented to Captain Horatio Nelson, R.N., on his marriage, by the Crew of H.M.S. Boreas, March 11th, 1787." 5. A tortoiseshell box for the brooch shown as No. 1. 6. A silver-gilt, double-lens magnifying glass given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 7. A bead bag, with an expanding metal clasp; made by Lady Hamilton and used by her. 8. A brooch worked in

hair on mother-o'-pearl; given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 9. A miniature of William Godfrey, Royal Marines. 10. A miniature of John Scott, Nelson's secretary, the first person killed in the "Victory" at Trafalgar. 11. A vinaigrette given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 12. A vinaigrette given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 12. A vinaigrette given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 14. An ivory elephant, a lock-of-hair locket, and a jade boot—given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 14. An ivory toilet-box given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton in 1804. 15. Lady Hamilton's scent-case. 16. A tortoiseshell box for the brooch shown as No. 8. 17. A red leather despatch wallet used by Nelson. 18. The telescope Nelson used at Trafalgar; presented to him by Empres Lady Hamilton and Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy.

The Nelson relics here illustrated are among those which are to come under the hammer at Christie's on December 5. They were once the property of Thomas Masterman Hardy (the Admiral's Flag-Captain at Trafalgar and his constant

companion), in whose arms Nelson died in the "Victory." By him they were bequeathed to Mr. John Hardy, by whose great-granddaughter, Miss Pamela Hardy, of Eastbourne, they were sold to the present owner, the vendor.



THE Great War, which "split time in two" (to quote Mr. E. F. Benson's "As We Are"), is the basic fact on which we are trying to build the future. It remains the dominant interest in books, as well as in international politics, but the point of view has changed. When the Armistice first lifted the veil of censorship, we were all eager to know things that we had not been allowed to know while the fighting was in progress. In the course of the last fourteen years, however, most of the main secrets have been revealed, and now we are chiefly anxious to find how any other such catastrophe may be prevented. Minor revelations continue to emerge, however, about the Minor revelations continue to emerge, however, about the conduct of individuals before and during the war years, and every new book of memoirs throws some fresh light on what went on behind the scenes. Every little detail helps to complete the picture.

Such disclosures may crop up in unexpected places and from the least warlike of sources. Thus an abundance of recorded conversations, including what were then confidences exchanged among what were then confidences exchanged among well-informed and influential people, occurs in the second volume of "The Journals of Arnold Bennett," 1911-1921. Edited by Newman Flower (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). Here we get the whole war period, with a margin of three years before and after, as observed in its effect on civil life by one of the acutest minds of our time. By that time an established novelist and a man of social eminence, Arnold Bennett numbered among his friends many people in the inner circle of those who knew, and from his diary we learn much that was then hidden from the multitude, with candid judgments—his own and otherwise—on the character and hidden from the multitude, with candid judgments—his own and otherwise—on the character and ability of those in control. Moreover, he saw something of the war with his own eyes, during a visit to the front in 1915, when he was under shell-fire at Rheims, Souchez, and Ypres. An entry of July 12, at Ypres, says: "Sat in a shell-hole to do sketch in front of convent." Four of his war sketches form the only illustrations of this volume. I should have expected, by the way, that a book of this quality would be stronger on the pictorial side, and at any rate would contain some portraits of the author.

Arnold Bennett's general comments on the war occur at the beginning and not at the end (although in May 1918 he had been appointed to the Ministry of Information as head of British Propaganda in France), and he says practically nothing about the Versailles Conference and the Peace Treaty. His views at the outset were unconventional and not a little prophetic. Under date August 6, 1914, we read: "I agree that Russia is the real enemy, and not Germany; and that a rapprochement between England and Germany is a certainty. But I doubt whether it is wise, in the actual conduct of affairs, to try to see so far ahead. . . . Sir Edward Grey's astounding mistake, in his big speech, was the assertion that the making of war would not much increase our suffering. It will enormously increase it. . . After' reading the diplomatic papers leading up to the rupture, one has to admit that Sir E. Grey did everything he could. . . The war is a mistake on our part, but other things leading to it were a mistake, and, these things approved or condoned, the war must be admitted to be inevitable. . . . The Germans are evidently quite ruthless and brutal and savage in war. This is logical; but a large part of their conduct is due to the arrogant military tradition, which will one day be smashed."

Naturally, the war does not by any means monopolise the interest of Arnold Bennett's diary, which roams at large over the world of literature and drama, art and music, in London and Paris, and includes, in the pre-war days, an interesting, though rather scrappy, series of entries describing his experiences in America. As a record of his own career, it opens with the beginning of "Hilda Lessways" and closes with the completion of "Mr. Prohack" and his own separation from his wife. The restrained allusions to his conjugal affairs typify the fact that the diary does not go deeply into personal emotions. In that respect it affairs typify the fact that the diary does not go deeply into personal emotions. In that respect it is not intimate, though frank enough in regard to other people and his literary work. He reveals himself as the sociable bon viveur, lunching and dining here, there, and everywhere, generally with some fresh group of notabilities. He had a zest for all the good things of life—good art, good talk, and good cheer. Regarding his own work he is candid—sometimes self-satisfied, sometimes self-critical, while generously appreciative of contemporaries. There are many delightful glimpses of fellow-craftsmen—Hardy, George Moore, Shaw, Wells, Barrie, Galsworthy, Walpole, and hosts of other writers, including those of the younger school. He was also a voracious reader, and, with all his social engagements, it is surprising how he found time to write at all. But he was methodical in mapping out

nis hours of work and leisure, as one how to live on twenty-four hours a day.

The reading public has not been stinted of reminiscences The reading public has not been stinted of feminiscences by men who served in the war and survived it, but there is still room for a book at once so vivid and so unpretentious as "Langemarck and Cambral." A War Narrative, 1914-1918. By Captain Geoffrey Dugdale, M.C. With Introduction by General Sir Hubert Gough. Illustrated (Shrewsbury: Wilding and Son; 6s. 6d.). I have come across a good many works of this type, but I do not remember any which gives a more convincing account of



THE LIFE-SIZE WAX EFFIGY OF NELSON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, PRONOUNCED BY LADY HAMILTON TO BE A PERFECT LIKENESS: AN INTERESTING SUBJECT FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PORTRAITS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

LIKENESS: AN INTERESTING SUBJECT FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PORTRAITS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

During the friendly controversy over the Abbott portraits of Nelson (see opposite page), Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, Keeper of the Muniments at the Abbey, wrote in a letter to the "Times": "There is one portrait of Nelson which has not been mentioned, but which certainly has a claim to be considered as an authentic likeness. It is the life-size wax effigy in Westminster Abbey. It was the work of Miss Catherine Andras, Wax Modeller to Queen Charlotte, and was placed in the Abbey in the spring of 1806, for the somewhat ignoble purpose of providing a counter-attraction to Nelson's tomb and funeral car in St. Paul's." It was said to have been modelled from a smaller one for which Nelson had sat. Mr. Tanner recalls how Lady Hamilton, being escorted round the Abbey by a guide unaware of her identity, was invited to see the effigy "only put up these two days," and how, mastering her emotion, she said that the likeness would be perfect if a certain lock of hair were correctly placed. On disclosing her name, she was allowed to adjust it. The lock is not now visible, the hair being covered by a cocked hat worn by Nelson. Mr. Tanner cites further testimony as to the excellence of this wax portrait, by Nelson's nephew and Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. A miniature wax portrait of Nelson, seen in profile, inscribed on the back as "modelled from the life by Miss C. Andras," is now in the possession of Mr. J. H. A. Elliott. "There is a family tradition," he writes, "that this portrait was bought at the Duke of York's sale. The head is bare, and there is a lock on the forehead." It may perhaps be the smaller one mentioned by Mr. Tanner.

daily life at the front, written in a modest and engaging spirit. The story of the battle of Langemarck, illustrated by photographs of actual messages that passed from battalion to brigade during the fighting, will be of special interest to those who took part in it, while the battle of Cambrai, it is believed, has never hitherto been so fully described. The author was a civilian engaged in business when the war came, and obtained a commission in the Shropshire Yeomanry. His preliminary prologue, describing a holiday at Wimereux in July 1914, touches me nearly, as I too happened at that time to be holiday-making, with my wife and our three girls, close by at Ambleteuse, and we likewise returned by the Boulogne boat a day or two before hostilities began.

Captain Dugdale does not explain why he has waited aptain Dugdale does not explain why he has waited fourteen years to put his memories on record, but I think the reason is implicit in his concluding "epilogue," a warning addressed to the rising generation. "Another world war," he writes, "would be a disaster of such magnitude that no one living can foretell the results. Yet, to-day, every nation is spending millions of pounds on armaments, because they dare not be found unprepared. The existing apathy of the people of the world in general shown towards the possibility of another war is incomprehensible. Somehow they must be made to understand its perils, that is, if civilisation is to continue. . . . It is, therefore, the duty of every citizen, young or old, they must be made to understand its perils, that is, if civilisation is to continue. . . . It is, therefore, the duty of every citizen, young or old, of all nationalities, to encourage those who are working for the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means; to remove the causes of war, and to ostracize the aggressor from the Community of Nations." Such was the ideal expressed by Tennyson when he pictured the earth freed at last from war's brutality—

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd.

There is, I think, a certain ambiguity, leading to a misconception of character, in the title of "TIGER-MAN." An Odyssey of Freedom. By Julian Duguid, author of "Green Hell." With sixteen Illustrations (Gollancz; ros. 6d.). The expression "tiger-man" might be misunderstood as meaning a man of tigerish disposition, but I gather, on the contrary, that it denotes one who, as a sworn foe to "tigers," has often met and vanquished them in single combat. Readers of "Green Hell," that now famous travel-book, will be familiar with the personality of Tiger-Man, and will welcome this admirable story of his life, told with the same power of picturesque description and dramatic intensity. As Mr. Duguid explains, he has put the biography into the form of a novel, believing it to be truer to the spirit as well as more readable. Tiger-Man himself has approved the result.

For the benefit of those who may not yet have read the author's previous book, I had perhaps better indicate more definitely its connection with the present work. "It was in September, 1928," we read, "that he (Tiger-Man) fell across the writer of this biography to the north of Corumbá. He came generously to the aid of a ridiculously amateur expedition, and fathered it through the perils of a virgin land. His deeds of valour on that occasion have already been recorded" (i.e., in "Green Hell"). Elsewhere, describing the stalwart frontiersman as he was then at their first meeting, Mr. Duguid writes: "Sacha Siemel, to give him his name, was a Latvian, son of a boot-maker in Libau. He was tall and bearded, a Kit Carson of the South, though versed in the literature of the world, which he carried by sections in his mule-trunk. . . . He killed jaguars for a living with a seven-foot spear of his own manufacture, and read Tolstoy, Gogol, and Victor Hugo in the siesta hour."

Sacha Siemel's career has been one long adventure, with an element of romance. Having run away from his Baltic home in youth and made his way to South America, he fell in love with a friend's wife in Buenos Aires, and in a spirit of renunciation tore himself away and wandered northward to Brazil. There he traded and ranged the wild for fourteen years, and in a lawless land, where any disputes were apt to be settled at the point of the revolver, he won universal respect as a man who "never drew his gun or withdrew his word."

The "tiger" of this narrative is really the jaguar, and the illustrations show that it has the spots of the leopard rather than the pattern of "Master Stripes." "The pantanal, or marsh jaguar of Xarayes," we read, "is a far more impressive animal than is ever seen in captivity. A large male ad weighs anything between 300 and 350 pounds, the size of a medium Bengal tiger or an African lion. . . . In the course of his South American wanderings, Sacha killed 119. Of these, 95 fell to his rifle, 24 to bayonet, spear, and archery. He captured 10 cubs alive, two of which are now in Hagenbeck's 'Zoo' near Hamburg." Assuredly he may be numbered among those who strive to "let the ape and tiger die"!—C. E. B.

#### A NELSON ENIGMA: ABBOTT PORTRAITS-WHICH IS THE ORIGINAL?

Fig. 1 By Courtesy of Lord Sands; Fig. 2 by Kind Permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; Fig. 3 by Courtesy of Mr. A. W. Stanion; and Fig. 4 by Kind Permission of the National Portrait Gallery. (See also Illustration Opposite.)



FIG. I. "NELSON": A PORTRAIT BY FRANCIS LEMUEL ABBOTT (1760-1803), NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD SANDS AT EDINBURGH.



FIG. 3. "NELSON": A PORTRAIT BY FRANCIS LEMUEL ABBOTT, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. W. STANTON, OF FIELD PLACE, STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

An intriguing discussion regarding Lemuel Abbott's various portraits of Nelson was begun recently, in the "Times," by Major John Skelton, who asked: "Where is the original?" He cited a catalogue note of 1882 stating that "the original is at Kilgraston." In reply, Professor Geoffrey Callender, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, concluded an interesting letter with the words: "Two certainties emerge: first, Nelson gave sittings at Greenwich to Abbott in the winter of 1797-8; and secondly, the half-length then produced at present hangs in the Painted Hail here. This portrait (Fig. 2), which differs markedly from the replicas, has never been till now reproduced by photography." Prof. Callender writes: "The original was presented to Greenwich by Sir William Davison . . in 1873. The preliminary study for this half-length remained the property of Abbott until his death. It was then purchased by Francis Grant, Laird of Kilgraston, Perthshire, father of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. Sir Francis . . . said, 'Abbott frequently told my father that every portrait he painted of Nelson was done from that portrait—the portrait at Greenwich Hospital.' The preliminary study was described by Sir Francis as a 'mere sketch.' Its present whereabouts is unknown. From (it) Abbott made several replicas, of which the best known is that . . purchased for the National Portrait Gallery." Later, another reply to Major Skelton's enquiry came from Lord Sands, of Edinburgh, who wrote: "The original Abbott portrait of Nelson . . is now in my possession, having been acquired by a member of my family nearly fifty years ago on the dispersal of the Kilgraston collection. The authenticity of this portrait is verified by a note on the back in the handwriting of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

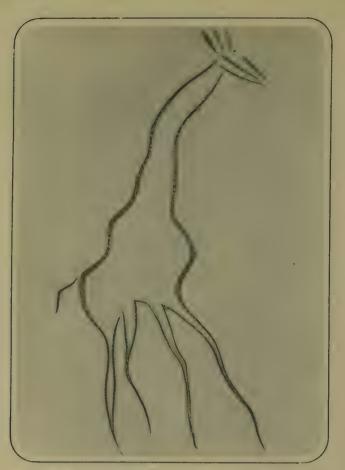


FIG. 2. "NELSON": A PORTRAIT BY FRANCIS LEMUEL ABBOTT, NOW IN THE PAINTED HALL AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH.



"NELSON": A PORTRAIT BY FRANCIS LEMUEL ABBOTT, PAINTED FOR DR. SHERSON (PERHAPS NELSON'S MEDICAL ADVISER) AND NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

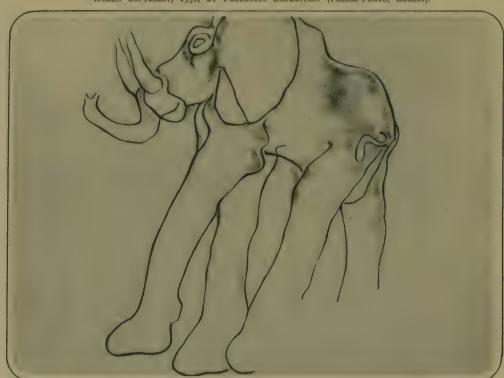
(1866-78)." In sending us the photograph (Fig. 1) Lord Sands writes: "This, as certified by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., is the original portrait painted by Abbott. The final portrait now at Greenwich was completed from this one, and probably all the numerous replicas were taken from the Greenwich portrait. It seems clear that in the Greenwich portrait, and consequently in those copied from it, Abbott softened and beatified the features as they now appear in the original." A few days later, Mr. A. W. Stanton, of Stroud, Gloucestershire, wrote stating that he possesses "a portrait of Nelson by Abbott reputed to be an original," and added: "All experts who know my picture consider it by far the most pleasing of the known portraits." Another version of Abbott's painting is now in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh. Outside this question of the Abbott original, Sir Cecil Levita wrote describing his discovery of an autograph letter from Nelson to a friend mentioning what he considered the best portrait of himself—a head published by Brydon, of Charing Cross. Reproductions of Nelson's letter are at the United Service Institute, the Nelson Room at Lloyd's, and the Royal Artillery Institute at Woolwich. Subsequently, Major E. W. H. Fyers pointed out that the head in question was an engraving from a profile drawing done in 1800 by a Dutch painter, Simon de Koster (1767-1831), settled in London. Nelson gave a copy of this engraving to the Major's grandfather, Major-General Peter Fyers, remarking that he thought it a better likeness than any other. "This engraving," adds Major Fyers, "was shown recently in a collection of Nelson relics at Messrs. Spink's Galleries in King Street, S.W." Here, again, it may be asked: "Where is the original?"



THE GIRAFFE AS CONVENTIONALLY PORTRAYED BY A REAL "PRIMITIVE": A COPY OF A ROCK-DRAWING FOUND IN WADI IN HABETER III.

# A GREAT DISCOVERY OF PREHISTORIC ART: MORE REVELATIONS FROM THE FEZZAN ROCKS.

WORLD COPYRIGHT, 1932, BY FROBENIUS EXPEDITION (PRESSE-PHOTO, BERLIN).



A TYPICAL REPRESENTATION OF AN ELEPHANT BY A PREHISTORIC BIG-GAME ARTIST IN AFRICA: A COPY OF A ROCK-DRAWING DISCOVERED IN A DRY WATER-COURSE KNOWN AS WADI IN HABETER II,



THE TENNIEL TOUCH" IN A CURIOUS ROCK-DRAWING, PRESUMABLY AMONG LATER EXAMPLES: ANIMAL-HEADED GODS, ONE GRASPING AN ANIMAL'S NECK, FROM WADI IN HABETER II.

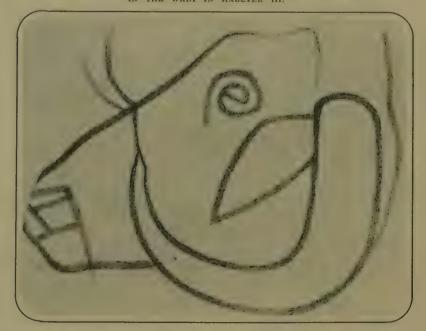


AN ANGRY GORGON-LIKE ELEPHANT, FULL-FACE, WITH UPRAISED EARS, AND A SMALL ONE IN PROFILE: A ROCK-DRAWING FROM WADI IN HABETER II.

Our readers will remember that in our last issue we published an illustrated article by the famous German archæologist, Professor Leo Frobenius, describing the wonderful results of his tenth expedition in Africa. On this occasion he explored the region of Fezzan (in the hinterland south of Tripoli), a barren waste of desert and rock, which, in the time of Herodotus, was inhabited by the Garamantes.



ANIMALS UNNAMED BUT RATHER SUGGESTIVE OF JERBOAS OR MONKEYS, WITH SOME SMALL INDICATIONS OF OSTRICHES: A ROCK-DRAWING FOUND IN THE WADI IN HABETER III.



CONVENTIONAL FORM AND ECONOMY OF LINE: A BIG-HORNED ANIMAL HEAD, FROM A ROCK-DRAWING IN WADI IN HABETER III.

In some of the dry river-beds of the Murzuk plateau, such as the Wadis In Habeter 1., II., and III., and the Wadi Tell Issaghen, he discovered a vast array of prehistoric rock-drawings and rock-paintings, numbering in all no fewer than about 2500. It was indeed an astounding discovery, which has enormously increased the material available for the comparative study of prehistoric art, Professor [Continued opposite.]

#### BIG-GAME STUDIES BY AFRICAN "PRIMITIVES": ELEPHANT; GIRAFFE; BUFFALO; AND RHINOCEROS.

WORLD COPYRIGHT, 1932, BY FROBENIUS EXPEDITION (PRESSE-PHOTO, BERLIN).



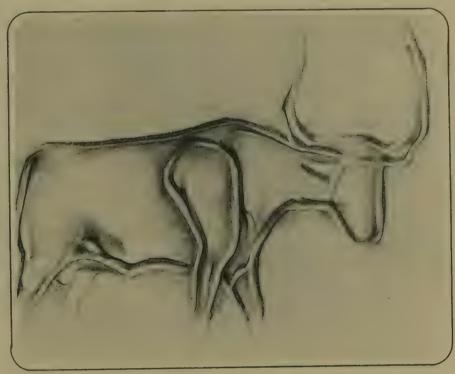
A SMALL ROCK-CUT RELIEF OF AN ELEPHANT: A COPY DRAWN ON THE SPOT IN WADI IN HABETER III., A DRY RIVER-BED IN FEZZAN.



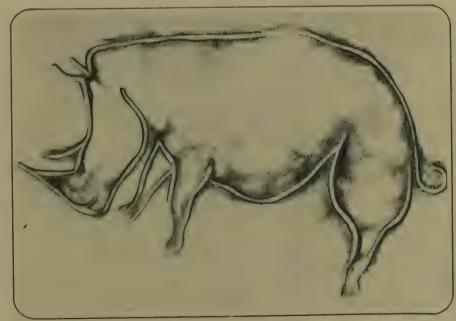
A STRIKING HEAD OF A GIRAFFE, COPIED FROM A ROCK-DRAWING IN WADI IN HABETER II.: REALISM COMBINED WITH SIMPLIFIED CONVENTION. Continued.]
Frobenius considers that these rock-pictures range in date over an immense period of time, from about 12,000 B.C. to 3000 B.C. The later examples, among which, perhaps, is the very interesting pair of animal-headed gods (on the left-hand page above) wearing elaborate dress including belt, collar, and cuffed sleeves, would thus represent influences contemporary with the



BUFFALO (OR BUBALUS ANTIQUUS) AS REPRESENTED BY A PREHISTORIC NORTH AFRICAN ARTIST: A ROCK-DRAWING IN WADI TEL ISSAGHEN I.



MASTERLY IN FORM AND PROPORTION: ONE OF A LARGE GROUP (13 FT. LONG) OF HORNED ANIMAL FIGURES CUT IN THE ROCK IN WADI IN HABETER I.



A TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS AS DELINEATED BY A PREHISTORIC ARTIST OF FEZZAN:
A COPY OF A ROCK-DRAWING FOUND IN WADI IN HABETER II.

early art of Egypt. Professor Frobenius emphasises the fact that, on critical examination, the variations of style evident in the rock-pictures "succeeded each other in a definitely determinable sequence of forms." He himself explored the central and eastern parts of the region visited, accompanied by an artist, Miss Ruth Assisa Cuno, who made copies of the rock-drawings on the spot; while the western area, in the Tassili Mountains, was similarly examined by Dr. Jensen and another artist, Mrs. Agnes Schultz. We give here a further selection from these amazing relics of primitive art, which are especially interesting for their remarkable representation of animal forms.



I HAVE often been guilty of writing about furniture and other things on this page as if the individual pieces illustrated were divorced from the lives of the human beings who made and used them, and were just specimens of a particular date. There is some-thing to be said for this method, for it does give the



I. SOLIDITY: PART OF AN OAK EIGHT-LEGGED DINING-TABLE WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED FOR THE PROSAIC BUT ESSENTIAL FUNCTION OF BEARING A LARGE LOAD. (DATED 1623.) Reproductions by courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street.

bare bones of fact upon which Fancy can build whatever mansion she pleases, just as a working knowledge of the kings and queens of England provides a convenient series of stepping-stones towards a less dreary study of the march of events. There is, however, another point of view from which our ancestors' ideas of household furniture can be regarded—a point of view based upon abstract ideas rather than the accidents of time or material. You will remember that when Landseer painted an exceedingly popular picture of a couple of canines looking out of a kennel, he didn't label the work just "Bloodhound and Another" or 'Two Dogs' or "At the Kennel Door," but "Dignity

and Impudence" we laugh at this amiable Victorian nomenclature today in our downright neo-Georgian fashion, as no doubt the post-Georgians will laugh at us for our own far less amiable attitude to life. No doubt Landseer and all his contemporaries were inclined to sentimentalise over things that didn't matter, while we like to have the world so bright and hard and no nonsense about it... Odd, the way one's pen, given so small a chance, gallops off at a tangent, as if this article had some high moral pur-pose! Its inten-Its intention, before it got out of hand, was

IN "THE GRAND MANNER," AND SHOWING A. REMARKABLE VIRTUOSITY IN ITS CARVING: PART OF A PRE-CHIPPENDALE MANOGANY SIDE-TABLE, WITH ANTIQUE MARBLE TOP, AND EACH LEG CARVED FROM A SEPARATE BLOCK: (C.1730.)

merely to write a word or two about certain virtues, with a discreet hint or two of vice, and to allot neither praise nor blame. Let us, then, proceed to consider the abstract qualities of Solidity, of Ingenuity, of the Grand Manner, and of Elegance, as applied to certain typical products of the cabinet-maker, without further

#### PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

FOUR ABSTRACTIONS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

moralising. These pieces are all not unfamiliar types, but it is just possible that, looked at from this angle, we may be able to find good reasons for either appreciating them or disliking them.

It is fairly obvious that the first thing

about a dining-table is that it should be solid, and never, as our romantic novelists used to say, groan beneath the weight of good things placed upon it. This is really all one demands in a dining-table—not that proportions, colour, and the rest have no virtues, but that the purely utilitarian business of supporting weight

without breaking down is far more without breaking down is far more important. Was there ever a more satisfactory solution of the problem than in the type of Fig. 1, with its eight legs, its foot-rail—which also, of course, increases immensely the strength of the whole—and its fine proportions? (By the way, modern billiard-table manufacturers persist in making weak copies of this type of making weak copies of this type of table-leg; they are rotten copies, but the practice is a pretty compliment the practice is a pretty compliment to the seventeenth-century searchers after solidity.) Without the date carved on the frieze (1623), one would be tempted to place this table some years earlier: the type, of course, persists well up to the middle of the century, and, I suggest, is as good a sort of downight common sension. sort of downright, common - sensical structure, admirably adapted for hard wear, as is possible to imagine, with just enough simple, honest decoration to make it

genuinely interesting.

Consider now the prob-lem set to that same maker of tables -- sound workman, but of no great sophistication, and having at his disposal (it is im-

portant to bear this in mind) only English oak—when called upon to produce something less monumental, and capable of expansion or diminution. We are so accustomed to the gate-leg, in a million Tottenham Court Road variations, that we forget very easily what an ingenious gadget this was when it first made its appearance, and how it must have delighted the world of fashion. I don't know what date

the owners give to the example illustrated - nor does that matter -but it is presumably of about the same period as Fig. 1, and, simple though it is no bad example of our

second abstraction, Ingenuity. It is a long step from this comparatively homely piece of furniture to the elaborate carving, pronounced cabriole legs, and paw feet of Fig. 4-which, with the rather more simple, but very distinguished, table of Fig. 5, we can label "the Grand Manner." Think of the learning that has gone to the making of both these pieces, the borrowings from classical models, all the fantasy of the Renaissance on the Continent transmuted

and dragooned into

something which is typically English and yet of an older tradition! Even if you don't especially like the sober magnificence of this mahogany carving, it is impossible not to admire its technical accomplishment and, for all the intricacy

of the detail, the broad, flowing sweep of its lines It is also, perhaps, worth pointing out that legs of so pronounced a cabriole as those of Fig. 4 demand an



2. INGENUITY THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GATE-LEG TABLE, WHICH WAS EVOLVED TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF A WEIGHT-BEARING TABLE THAT SHOULD NOT BE TOO PONDEROUS, AND BE CAPABLE OF EXPANSION.

extravagant use of wood as well as of skill, for each leg has to be carved from a single block, and the greater the curve,

the greater the wastage.

Finally, there is one more virtue, that of Elegance, illustrated remarkably well by Fig. 3. We are at the moment not concerned with colour, but only with form, so that the circumstance that this is of satinwood is neither here nor there. It would be foolish to argue that elegance of this kind had never been achieved before the end of the eighteenth century, but the elegance of the seventeen-fifties, for example, largely depended upon curves: this piece, typical of many of its period, goes back to funda-



ELEGANCE : SHERATON SATINWOOD 3. ELEGANCE: A SHERATON SATINWOOD D-SHAPED SIDE-TABLE OF ABOUT 1790; SHOWING A MOST SOPHISTICATED SIMPLICITY, PARTICULARLY IN THE INLAY ON THE LEGS, WHICH INGENIOUSLY EMPHASISES THE TAPERING AND INCREASES

THE EFFECT OF HEIGHT.

mentals. It is so simple that one almost hesitates to point out how very sophisticated it really is



LESS EXUBERANT EXAMPLE OF THE "GRAND MANNER":
ARLY GEORGIAN CARVED MAHOGANY SIDE-TABLE WHICH
IS OF CONSIDERABLE ROBUSTNESS. EARLY

## SUNSHINE LAND

The need of change, both mental and physical, becomes apparent in children at a very early age.

We can all recall the joy of being transported to some wonderful land of Make-believe—such as Wynken, Blynken and Nod, setting out on that star-fishing voyage to the misty blue realms of the moon. Tucked up for the night, how we clamoured for the recital to begin, eager to be away on that starry sea of light, and how we thrilled to the narrative of getting there and, having got there, grew drowsy from sheer excitement and then fell asleep, content. The mental flight from the nursery brought that benison.

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THE
PERFECT SETTING
FOR
MODERN BEAUTY:
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SIMPLICITY.





THOUGH women's love of jewellery never alters, Fashion is as fickle about this age-long love of ornament as she is about clothes. After an interval of many years, during which, in consequence of the war, it was not considered correct to wear many jewels, the natural reaction has come. Fine jewels, and particularly diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds, worked in intricate designs and settings, are to-day much in vogue. The lovely jewels photographed on this page, specimens of some of the finest craftsmanship in the world, may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in Regent Street. The magnificent diamond necklace and pendant shown above and also on the left is a marvel of cutting and perfectly matched stones. From each of the earrings depends a flawless sapphire, and the bracelets are intricately designed in all-diamonds, and diamonds and emeralds. Every process these stones undergo, from their uncut state to their present gleaming perfection, is carried out by experts.

The season's fashions are particularly appropriate to the revived vogue for jewellery, for their apparent simplicity provides the perfect background. The rather long-short hair falling in soft waves is an effective contrast to the decorative 'sophistication of the jewels. The charming coffure pictured on this page, showing how attractive is the new "shoulder-length" mode, has been carried out by André Hugo in his Sloane Street salons. He can achieve the same effect of youthful simplicity by his special method of permanent waving.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE HEATON.

# Don't be vague-ask for Haig



NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

#### THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

T is a pleasure to record that more motor-cars were sold in Great Britain and Northern Ireland during

the motor production year ending September 1932.
The official figures issued by the
Ministry of Transport reveal that
145,790 cars were sold in those
twelve months. Deducting the 2811 cars imported and adding the 25,600 motors exported from Great Britain other countries, a total sales production of 168,579 vehicles and chassis are the net figures. For 1930-31 the total sales were 160,460, so that this year the people of the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland have purchased an extra 8000 motors more than they were able to buy last year. Surely that is the best sign that our trade is on the upward trend, so I beg to draw the attention of woeful Jeremiahs to this officially substantiated fact.

Suitable presents for motorists often puzzle would-be givers if they themselves do not own a car or drive fairly frequently. So much hospitality in runs and "lifts" is given by car owners to their friends that many of the latter like to give their hosts of the road some present which is suitable for the car or its occupants, as a slight return for such kindness. There are a number of quite inexpensive presents suitable for motorists, and, in answer to several correspondents, I offer here one or two suggestions which I think will please the recipients and fall within the cash limits suggested to be paid.

For eight months of every year in Great Britain, the passengers in the rear seats of motor-carriages require footmuffs and foot-rests for real comfort when they are travelling. Neither foot-

stools nor foot-muffs need be of the expensive variety. They can be purchased from about half a guinea upwards. year I have seen some new cushions for drivers, both as seats and extra squabs to enable the pilot of the car to sit more comfortably than the standard These cushions are made of Dunlopillo spongy rubber, covered with leather upholstery,



A "HIGH SPOT" IN THE PROGRAMME OF THE FORTHCOMING WORLD PLEASURE-CRUISE BEING MADE BY THE ITALIAN MOTOR VESSEL "AUGUSTUS": SHAH JEHAN'S TAJ MAHAL, AT AGRA, WHICH WILL BE REACHED BY A RAIL-JOURNEY FROM BOMBAY, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE AMBITIOUS ITINERARY PLANNED FOR PASSENGERS. TUS": SHAH JEHAN'S RAIL-JOURNEY FROM

The "Augustus" will be at New York and Gibraltar in January, and the visit to Delhi and Agra will be conducted during the stop at Bombay in February—the Maytime of the Tropics. The itinerary includes 34 ports of call and 99 visiting-places. The "Augustus" will be in the Mediterranean at the height of the social season, in the Tropics in their springtime, and in China and Japan in theirs. She is the largest motor-vessel in the world, and a particular feature of her plan is her "Lido deck," which, to quote her owners, "has captured that spontaneous gaiety, that effervescent quality, that zest for life . . . in games, dances, promenades, swimming parties . . . that opportunity for healthful sun-worship which has heretofore been the peculiar charm of Lido-Venice" alone.

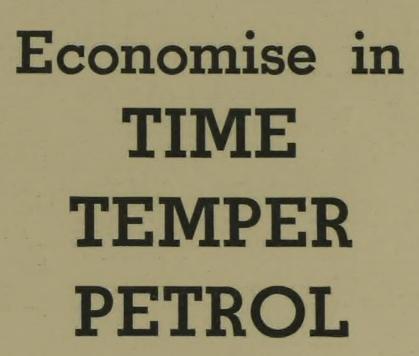
and cost about the same price as a foot-muff, or even less. As they can be obtained in any size required by giving the dimensions of the seat, or the back support of the seat, to the sellers of this rubber-filled cushion, and can be varied as to the thickness and softness of the cushion itself, the present of one of these can give supreme comfort to the user. I also see that the Dunlopillo bolster-head cushions

are made in varying sizes and softnesses to suit individual taste. also are most acceptable for adding comfort to women, especially on longdistance journeys.

Christmas Gifts. afford to give the If one cannot complete car as a Christmas gift, there are a large number of useful accessories which every motorist is glad to own. Leather coats, white driving-gloves, and waterproof slipon sleeves come to mind in regard accessories in wearing apparel. White gloves are almost a necessity for the driver, clearly to indicate hand-signals at night time, and in day time too, in these dark days in England. The waterproof "dry-sleeve" protector saves drivers of both sexes from neuritis, rheumatism, and other such ailments caused by the arm getting very wet in signalling change of direction or slowing up. Keeping warm in a car is often a problem to be solved by a footwarmer as an additional accessory to equipment. These cost a shillings and make excellent is stools as well as heaters. Ano Another useful gift is an engine-warmer, which can be affixed to the radiator or placed inside the bonnet on cold nights to prevent the circulating water freezing and cracking the radiator or cylinder water-jackets. There are such a number and variety of warmers for engines and for garages that one can spend five shillings or five pounds for one of these most acceptable gifts.







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#### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A NEW VIOLINIST

A NEW VIOLINIST.

The programme of the Courtauld-Sargent con cert at the Queen's Hall last week included two violin concertos—the Brahms and the Tchaikovsky—in order to present to the public a new violinist, Milstein, who comes from Odessa, and has been a pupil of Professor Leopold Auer and the famous Belgian violinist, Ysaye. On the original programme Milstein was to play the Tchaikovsky concerto first, but this was wisely altered, and the concert began with the Brahms concerto, with Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducting. Milstein's playing of the Brahms concerto showed him to be a virtuoso of exceptional gifts. His intonation was infallible, his musicianship absolutely sound, and the ease, certainty, and brilliance of his playing such as to challenge comparison with the best technicians among his contemporaries. But, for some obscure reason, his playing—which is like a perfect photograph of the original music—lacks warmth. The living breath of inspiration is lacking, or, rather, it was lacking on this occasion. Nevertheless, one was able to get considerable pleasure from a remarkable virtuosity which was not used for any sort of vulgar display. was not used for any sort of vulgar display.

#### MORE LIGHT ON SIBELIUS.

MORE LIGHT ON SIBELIUS.

Once again we were told in the programme notes that Sibelius is "the greatest living composer of Northern Europe," but his Symphony No. 6 in D minor (Op. 104), which Dr. Sargent conducted between the two violin concertos, did nothing, in my opinion, to support that claim. I do not profess to know who is the greatest living composer of Northern Europe—probably he is someone comparatively unknown as yet to the general musical public—but among the known I should say that Sibelius is in the same class as Elgar, but to English ears he has a more exotic and enigmatic flavour. The chief thing that makes Sibelius remarkable is that his music is not eclectic; it is undeniably his own. It is this that distinguishes it from the music of Delius, whose derivation—however charming it may be—is always derivation—however charming it may be—is always clear. But the music of Grieg, at its best, was also his own, and it would be rash to assert that the composer of the "Peer Gynt" was any less a craftsman or a master of orchestral effects than Sibelius. To

those who claim that Sibelius is another Beethoven would retort that in my opinion he is much more like another Grieg.

#### ANSERMET AT THE B.B.C.

ANSERMET AT THE B.B.C.

Ernest Ansermet has specialised in the music of Stravinsky, and the notorious "Le Sacre du Printemps" was the biggest item in the programme of the B.B.C. Symphony Concert. The original excitement caused by this work has evaporated, but it has left behind a certain prestige which successive performances in the concert hall of "Le Sacre" have not yet succeeded in destroying. In spite of its limitations, "Le Sacre" remains an exciting composition, yet it is monotonous in a concert hall. "Le Sacre" was conceived as a ballet, and it needs the ballet to give variety and significance to its performance. performance.

#### ELIZABETH SCHUMANN AND MAHLER.

It was a welcome change to hear Elizabeth Schumann singing some songs by Gustav Mahler. Mahler's orchestral compositions are undeservedly neglected in this country. Several of his symphonies are constantly in the repertory of most of the important Continental orchestras, and, in my opinion, he is a far more interesting and gifted composer than either Delius or Sibelius. As a song-writer he was, perhaps, at his best, and if the public had more opportunity of hearing his many beautiful songs, the interest in his music would grow. Possibly the example of Elizabeth Schumann will have a good effect.

W. J. Turner.

#### "PLAYGROUND," AT THE ROYALTY.

"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP" has moved from the Royalty to the Garrick Theatre, and has been replaced by a comedy that shows what happens While Schoolmistresses Sleep. The first scene is a village public-house, into which strides a young clergyman seeking accommodation until morning, when he is due to be installed as residential ing, when he is due to be installed as residential chaplain to the Raeburn School for Girls. He gives a display of "muscular Christianity" by throwing out a drunken sailorman—and thus wins the heart of an insulted barmaid, whose lover has not sprung to her rescue. Then one of those dormitory scenes

so popular since "Children in Uniform" and "Wild Violets" set the fashion. In this we learn that Doon Merrow, a sweet-seventeen schoolgirl, has developed a "crush" on the good-looking young parson. In act two she indiscreetly enters his study at an hour when all good little schoolgirls should be in bed. The barmaid (installed, quaintly enough, as the curate's private secretary) develops jealousy; locks the door on the outside to prevent her rival's departure, and informs the headmistress, by telephone, of the presence of a woman in the parson's room. When the indignant mistress demands admission, the barmaid offers him the choice of compromising an innocent young girl or of obtaining her release by posing as her own betrayer. In the third act the ex-barmaid announces she is about to become a mother, and accuses the curate of being the father; but, thanks to accuses the curate of being the father; but, thanks to a tactful Bishop, the very unworldly young curate is absolved from blame. Slightly old-fashioned in construction and treatment, "Playground" is yet quite interesting, thanks largely to Miss Beatrix Thomson's authentic Cockney accent and a gift of emotion that retain one's sympathy for the barmaid despite all her faults. Miss Elizabeth Colls makes an agreeable schoolgirl heroine, and Mr. Robert Holmes plays his now too customary rôle of a gentlemanly villain. Mr. Maurice Evans almost succeeds in making the curate seem not entirely unfitted for his job. curate seem not entirely unfitted for his job.

An Exhibition of Kinematography organised by the Royal Photographic Society at 35, Russell Square, London, W.C., is now on view, and will remain open until Dec. 10. It is believed that this exhibition is the first occasion on which a serious attempt has been made to place before the public comprehensive exhibits demonstrating the history of kinematography and its present-day applications. The historical section contains some rare exhibits of the very early days of the kinema, including the original apparatus of various pioneers, and the first black-and-white and colour films to be taken. The modern section comprises displays of illustrations and apparatus, including cameras and projectors, for sound and silent kinematography. An interesting feature of the modern section is the exhibition of "stills" of famous films—which include examples from British and foreign productions.

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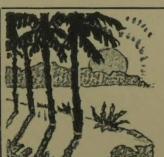
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